

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1499.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A View of the Coinage of Scotland, &c. By John Lindsay, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Member of the British Archaeological Association, &c. 4to, pp. 271. Cork, Messrs. Bolster; Edinburgh, Black and Co.; Dublin, Cumming; London, Longmans.

ALREADY esteemed by the public as a diligent numismatologist, from his esteemed Views "of the Coinage of Ireland" and "of the Heptarchy," Mr. Lindsay has here added considerably to our obligations by a similar inquiry into the much-neglected coinage of Scotland. His volume, as stated in the title-page, comprises copious tables, lists, descriptions, and extracts from acts of parliament; accounts of numerous deposits of coins discovered in Scotland, and Scottish coins found in Ireland; and engravings of above 350 specimens, many of them hitherto unpublished. It is needless to expatiate on the valuable nature of such a work.

Adverting to the immediate subject, Mr. Lindsay remarks that, though the annals of British coinage date as far back as (according to belief) antecedent to the Christian era, and of the Irish at least as far back as the middle of the tenth century, those of Scotland commence so late as with William the Lion in 1165, and that even his coins should be questioned as belonging to William the Conqueror. In endeavouring to account for this, he observes:

"The small extent, however, of the Scottish series hitherto published must be in a great degree attributed to the little interest taken in these coins; and its actual extent to the circumstance that a large portion of the fairest part of Scotland was, until 956, comprehended within the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, whose coins are more numerous than those of any other kingdoms of the heptarchy; whilst a great portion of the remainder, embracing the islands, was possessed by the kings of Man and Norway."

He then proceeds to a minute and serial examination to shew that the Scots had a coinage at least a century earlier than the period assigned; and produces some very curious and interesting types in support of his position, which he farther strengthens by striking analogical references, and by more accurate representations of the coins than are engraved in Snelling and Cardonnel. In advancing to this examination he says:

"In treating of the ancient coinage of any country, one of the most important difficulties is to ascertain from what point to commence; and this observation is particularly true as regards Scotland, whose early coinage, as well as her history, is involved in great obscurity, and whose territories were at different times so mixed up with those of other kingdoms, as to render it doubtful in some instances to what country certain coins should be attributed. It may reasonably be supposed that coins were struck in Scotland at a very early period; the first, however, which I can with any degree of certainty assign to it is that very rare and interesting one in the Rev. Mr. Martin's cabinet, which I think it will be admitted may, with a high degree of probability, be assigned to Mal-

colm III., who began to reign in 1056, and with this reign I shall commence the Scottish Numismatic Series. Before doing so, however, I think it right to notice a few coins of a more doubtful description, which, from their apparent connexion with Scotland, and their appearing to be of an earlier date than that just alluded to, demand our first attention."

Three of these, found in Ireland two years ago, seem to imitate the Crux type of Ethelred II., and to belong to the Western Isles of Scotland. Their legends are carefully copied and commented upon; and it is evident that they throw much light, in regard to their being correctly deciphered, one upon the other. Still we cannot say that, with all his ingenuity in reasoning and probability in fact, Mr. Lindsay has convinced us of these being truly Scottish coins, and not (perhaps) Scandinavian, which invasion at any subsequent date could readily be supposed to have transported from the north either to the shores of Ireland or the Western Isles. If the name of Somerled, or even Anegmund (Ingemund), rulers of the latter, could be established from the inscriptions, the question would be settled; but they are too doubtful and obscure to decide it, and we can only hope that other discoveries may turn up contemporaneous specimens to confirm the author's new, but ably argued, theory.

To these still apocryphal pieces Mr. L. goes on to contend for coins of Malcolm III. A.D. 1056, Donald VIII. 1093, Alexander I. 1107, David I. 1124,* and Malcolm IV. 1153.

Then comes William the Lion, whose "coins are extremely numerous,† and a few of them of good workmanship, although the greater part rude and destitute of ornament. They may be divided into three classes, the first bearing the king's head, with crown fleury to its right; reverse, a short single cross, with crescents in the angles: the second, the king's head, with crown of pearls to its right; reverse, a short double cross, with stars of five or six points, sometimes shaped like a flower growing from a stalk: and the third, the king's head, with crown of pearls to its left, and reverse similar to the last. There are also a few which differ in some particulars from those enumerated, but which may be considered as belonging to one or other of those classes. The first class has not been noticed by Snelling; but this is the less to be wondered at, when we consider that, when he wrote, few of this type were known—by far the greatest part of those now in our cabinets being found at Inverness in 1780. Cardonnel, who has published several of them, has justly supposed this to be William's first coinage, and the work of French artists, probably sent over, when he was residing in captivity in France, for the purpose of coining money to pay his ransom, which circumstance is rendered still more probable from the fact that the names of mints which appear on them are, with one exception, those of the castles delivered up as a pledge until the ran-

* In one of the engravings assigned to his coinage (No. 9 in the plate) is the earliest example we have seen of the St. Andrew's cross.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Another powerful argument, not urged by the author, for presuming that there must have been anterior coinages of his predecessor kings.—*Ed. L. G.*

som was paid; the castles delivered up being those of Roxburgh, Berwick, Edinburgh, and Stirling; and the mints we find on them, Edinburgh, Perth, Roxburgh, and Berwick."

It is quite impossible for us to follow the minute course of Mr. Lindsay from this period to the accession of James I. to the English throne; suffice it to state, that his descriptions and illustrations are all that the antiquary could desire. The quotations of various acts of the Scottish parliament are historically important; and the variations of the money-standard not only bear upon the relations of Scotland with England, France, and other countries, but occasionally, as we think, account for the greater or less number of types which have descended to posterity. The debased would be called in when the abuses on which they issued were rectified; and the sterling would, of course, be the longest preserved.

Under Alexander III., A.D. 1249, "halfpence and farthings appear to have been first struck; at least none are found of an earlier period: they are all of this last (the long single cross) coinage." The first gold coins we have are of David II., "evidently struck in imitation of the contemporary nobles of England. Some, indeed, have considered these pieces as medals, and not intended for general circulation; but it is far more probable that they were struck as patterns, with a view to their being adopted as a portion of the currency, and at the end of David's reign. Three specimens only are known, all differing in some degree from one another; which circumstance renders it still more likely they were patterns, as we may suppose them varieties submitted to the king's inspection, that he might select one for adoption."

As additional illustrations of the general subject, we have selected the following extracts:

Robert III.—"1393, Oct. 24. It was ordained that from henceforth 'our money of gold and silver should be fabricated by Bonachius of Florence, 'our moneyer,' in form following: viz. that of six ounces troy of pure silver twenty-one shillings shall be made, of which there shall be groats of fourpence, and half-groats of twopence, of good silver, as of King David's; and there shall be pennies made, in four of which there shall be as much silver as in one groat, but shall weigh six pennies; and there shall be halfpennies made, of the same proportional weight as the penny; and the fifth part of this coinage shall be made in pennies and halfpence. There are also ordinances relative to the gold.*"

* "The following are the clauses which relate to the coinage of gold:—That from henceforth 'our money' of gold and silver should be fabricated by Bonachius of Florence, 'our moneyer,' in form following, &c.:—That the *scutum* should no longer have course, but be received at the treasury at the rate of four shillings, if of good weight. That the halfpenny of gold, viz. the *maille*, if of sufficient weight, should pass for thirty-two pennies. That there should be made of good gold a piece called a *lion*, to have course for five shillings; so that two lions shall be worth ten shillings of the same money, and shall be worth more than the *noble* by threepence; and the noble of good gold and good weight shall have course for nine shillings and sixpence, and the noble of Flanders for nine shillings and fourpence, and that no other nobles shall pass current."

In the year 1398 it is enacted, "that 2000*l.* be raised of the money now running, for the purposes of the message and treaty in France and England; that 2500 marks be raised out of the customs of sundry boroughs for the pension of our lady the governante. The contemporary acts of the English parliament also throw some light on the state of the Scottish coinage; indeed, the coins themselves fully shew that the standard had been still further reduced in this reign; the well-preserved groats of Robert III. seldom exceeding forty-five grains, and being often found under forty; whilst that of England remained, during the entire reign of that prince, and for a few years after, at seventy-two grains. It is no wonder, therefore, where so great a disparity existed between the standards of the two kingdoms, that the attention of the English parliament should be so frequently directed to the subject. Accordingly we find that, in 1390, the commons of England petitioned that the Scottish money might be removed out of the realm. This petition was not, indeed, granted by the king; but he declared it to be his pleasure that the Scottish groat, half-groat, penny, and halfpenny, should be current for no more than half their value; and in 1398 the ordinance to reduce the current value to one-half in England was again enforced. On the silver coins of this king a remarkable change of type is observable, the head on the obverse now presenting a full face, whilst the reverse exhibits a cross and pellets instead of the cross and mullets so long used on the coinage of Scotland. This close imitation of the English money is the more remarkable, when we consider that the difference as to standard between the coins of England and Scotland was in this reign greater than before, and must have added considerably to the confusion which existed as to the coinages of the two kingdoms, and well accounts for the strong desire of the English people that the Scottish money should not circulate amongst them."

An inventory of the cash found on the death of King James III., 1488 (we cannot say in his coffers or treasury), and handed over to his successor, displays a curious medley of coinage.

"Memorand deliverit be dene Robert Hog chanoun of Halirudhous to the thesaurar tauld in pns of the chancellor lord Lile the p'or of Sanctandrs' in a pyne pig of tynn.

In the fyrst of angellis twa hundreth four scor & v angellis.

It' in Ridars nyne scor & acht Ridars.

It' in Rialis of France fyftj & four.

It' in Unicornis nyne hundreth & four score.

It' in Demyis & Scotts cronvis four hundreth & tuintj.

It' in Ros' nobilis fyftj and four.

It' in Harj nobilis & saluts fourtj & ane.

It' fyftene Flemis Ridars.

It' twelf Lewis.

It' in Franche cronvis thre scor and thre.

It' in unkennyt golde — threttj punds.

"Memorand be the comand of the king thar past to the castell to see the Jowalis Silu' money & uther stuff the xxvij day of Junij the yer of God Jm. iiij c. lxxviij yers thir psouns und' w'tin that is to say.

The Erle of Angus

The Erle of Ergile

The Bischope of Glasgou

The Lord Halis

The Lord Home

The Knyt of Torfichane Thesaurar'.

"Memorand fund be the saids psons in the blak kist thre coffers a box a cagat.

It' fund i the maist of the said coffers lous'

& put i na thing bot liand w'in the said coffyr fyve hundreth thre scor ten Rois nobilis and ane angell noble.

It' in a poik of canwës beand w'in the said coffre of angell nobilis seven hundreth and fyftj angellis.

It' in a litill purs w'in the said coffre of quart'is of Rois nobilis sevin scor nyne Rois nobilis a quart' of a nobill.

It' in a litill coffre beand w'in the said coffre of Rois nobilis sevin hundreth fyftj and thre nobilis.

It' in a litill payntit coffre beand w'in the said blak kist of Henry nobilis a thousand thre hundreth and sevintene nobilis.

It' in ane vth' coffre beand w'in the said blak kist a poik of canwes w' demyis c'tenand aucht hundreth ane les'.

It' takin be the smy' that opinit the lokks in gold fourtj demyis.

It' in Inglys' grots — xxiiij lis & the said silv' gevin agan to the takars of hym."

Other lead purses, and canvass pokes (bags), &c., are enumerated; and *inter alia*:

"Memorand fund in a blak coffre quihik was brocht be the abbot of Arbroth. In the first the grete sarpe of gold c'tenand xxv schaffis wt the fedd betuix.

It' in a ledd'ing purs beand i the said blak coffre twelf scor & xvj saluts.

It' in the same purs fourtene scor of ducats and of thame gevin to the erle of Angus fyve scor and six ducats.

It' in a blak box brocht be the said abbot to the toune of P'th the xxvj day of Junij in the first lous' in the said box four thousand thre hundreth and fourtj demyis.

It' in a quhite coffre of Irne deliu'it be the said abbot thre thousand nyne hundreth four scor & viij angellis.

It' in a purs of ledd' w'in the said box a thousand & twenti Ros' nobilis and in the said purs fyftj & four Harj nobilis i half Harj nobilis.

It' th' was a writ fund i the said box sayand in hac boxa xij c Harj nobilis, et in ead' boxa xj c Rois Nobilis.

Thir ar the names of thame that wist of the said box quhen it was in the myr.

James Averj.—William Patonson.—William Wallace."

Of the plates we can only speak, without exemplification, and can safely affirm that they do credit to the author; who has, besides the valuable matters which we could only indicate, collected much novel and interesting information respecting the billon, copper, and base coinage of Scotland, the white pennies, and the black pennies, and the small pennies, the *placks* and *halfplacks*, the *hardheads*, the *nonsunts*, the *baubees* (alias *babies*), &c. &c.; but "in 1597 a coinage was ordered of pure copper, and from this period no billon of any description was struck in Scotland; indeed, a coinage in mixed metal must have been at all times productive of great confusion and fraud; and from the Scottish acts, and from the coins themselves, we have abundant proof that the greater portion of this class of coins was of insufficient fineness, and counterfeit; and the substitution of a copper currency introduced a system of regularity previously unknown. The change, however, was not adopted until nearly the period of James's accession to the English throne; and we have but one type and class of copper coins previous to that period."

Altogether this is a standard book for numismatic and antiquarian consultation for ever.

A Book for a Rainy Day; or, Recollections of the Events of the last Sixty-six Years. By John Thomas Smith, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, and author of "Nollekens and his Times." Pp. 306. Bentley.

It is allowable for garrulous old age to speak volumes, we will answer for it, that the weather anticipated for the publication has been exactly *apropos*; for a rainier day than that on which we have read this "book" seldom occurs even in our variable (but should wet this year be implicated, we ought to say invariable) climate.

An octogenarian author is so rare, that no critic of less than a century should venture to find any fault with his writings; and we therefore rejoice, in our juvenility, that the popularity of his *Nollekens*, &c., has induced Mr. Smith again to come forward as the remembrancer of a past generation. He tells us, that his production is a *salmagundi*; and truly it is composed of as many heterogeneous materials as that odd dish, of which we think the principal ingredients were, salt herring, apples, chicken, mustard, oil, onions, &c., shred up together, and taken without questions being asked.

The beginning of the book is an amusing promise of the rest. The author intimates, that his birth took place A.D. 1766, June 23, in a hackney-coach, wherein his mother was hurrying home; and lest the reader should imagine that, owing to this circumstance, he meant to put himself on a par with the "Car-born" (i) Fingal," he risks the chance of being considered a destined *hack* writer, for he adds: "Although I dare not presume to suppose that the vehicle in which I was born had been the equipage of the great John Duke of Marlborough, or Sarah his duchess, at all events, I probably may be correct in the conjecture, that the *hack* was in some degree similar to those introduced by Kip, in his plates for Strype's edition of Stowe."

After this anecdote of himself, the first we fall upon is that of an extraordinary goose:

"I have heard my mother relate, that when at Greenwich this year for the benefit of her health, an aged pie and cheesecake woman lived there, who was accompanied through the town by a goose, who regularly stopped at her customer's door, and commenced a loud cackling; but that whenever the words 'not to-day' were uttered, off it waddled to the next house, and so on till the business of the day was ended. My mother also remarked, that when ladies walked out, they carried nosegays in their hands, and wore three immense lace ruffle cuffs on each elbow."

Thus gossiping, year after year, our author enacts the part of Amber, and enshrines many an entertaining morsel that would otherwise be lost; and if the trifles are neither rich nor rare, at any rate we do not wonder how the devil they got there. *Ex. gr.*, in 1766:

"In the month of March, this year, died Mary Mogg at Oakingham, the woman who gave rise to Gay's celebrated ballad of Molly Mogg."

1767. "Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe-dancer, died this year, May 27th, at Hampstead; she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St. George the Martyr, where there is a tombstone to her memory, simply stating, 'Here lies Nancy Dawson.' Every verse of a song in praise of her declares the poet to be dying for Nancy Dawson; and its tune, which many of my readers must recollect, is, in my opinion, as lively as that of 'Sir Roger de Coverly.' I have been informed, that Nancy, when a girl, set up

the skittles at a tavern in High Street, Marylebone. Sir William Musgrave, in his 'Adversaria,' (No. 5719) in the British Museum, says, that 'Nancy Dawson was the wife of a publican, near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland.'

[This is correct. The family to which she belonged were very respectable farmers, holding lands of their own; and died out (if entirely) only within the last few years.]

In 1771, among other curious bits of the old customs and topography of London, we are told of the Milkmaid's holyday in May, not only long since obsolete, but followed in dark opposition and dark oblivion by the Chimney-sweeper's festival. They, the milkmaids, "danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk, fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. This obelisk was carried by two chairmen, in gold-laced hats, six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted, high-heeled shoes, mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms, and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribands of every colour. But what crowned the whole of the display was, a magnificent silver tea-urn which surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, commonly wearing a sky-blue coat, with his hat profusely covered with ribands, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids danced before the doors of his customers. One of the subjects selected by Mr. Jonathan Tyers for the artists who decorated the boxes for supper-parties in Vauxhall Gardens, was that of milkmaids on May-day. In that picture (which, with the rest painted by Hayman and his pupils, has lately disappeared) the garland of plate was carried by a man on his head; and the milkmaids, who danced to the music of a wooden-legged fiddler, were extremely elegant. They had ruffled cuffs, and their gowns were not drawn through their pocket-holes, as in my time; their hats were flat, and not unlike that worn by Peg Woffington, but bore a nearer shape to those now in use by some of the fish-women at Billingsgate."

Mr. Smith does not seem to be aware of the resuscitation of most of the Vauxhall pictures, and their being in the possession of the late Mr. Gwynn, as described in the *Lit. Gaz.*

Among the topographical notices we read:

"Dean Street and Compton Street, Soho, were named in compliment to Bishop Compton, Dean of St. Paul's, who held the living of St. Anne."

"On the left hand of High Street, St. Giles, passing on to Tottenham Court Road, there were four handsomely-finished brick houses, with grotesque masks on the key-stones above the first-floor windows, probably erected in the reign of Queen Anne. The next object of notoriety is a large circular boundary stone, let into the pavement in the middle of the highway, exactly where Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road meet in a right angle.* When

* "Two old houses stood near this spot on the eastern side of the street, where the entrance gates of Meux's brewery have been erected: between the second-floor windows of one of them following

the charity boys of St. Giles's parish walk the boundaries, those who have deserved flogging are whipped at this stone, in order that, as they grow up, they may remember the place, and be competent to give evidence should any dispute arise with the adjoining parishes. Near this stone stood St. Giles's Pound."

"The ground behind the north-west end of Russell Street was occupied by a farm belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. They wore riding-habits and men's hats; one rode an old grey mare, and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a large pair of shears after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings; the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe. From Capper's farm were several straggling houses; but the principal part of the ground to the King's Head, at the end of the road, was unbuilt upon. The Old King's Head forms a side object in Hogarth's beautiful and celebrated picture of 'The March to Finchley,' which may be seen, with other fine specimens of art, in the Foundling Hospital, for the charitable donation of one shilling. * * *

"Hanway Street, better known by the vulgar people under the name of 'Hanover Yard,' was, at this time, the resort of the highest fashion for mercery and other articles of dress. The public house, the sign of the 'Blue Posts,' at the corner of Hanway Street, in Tottenham Court Road, was once kept by a man of the name of Sturges, deep in the knowledge of chess, upon which game he published a little work.* From the Blue Posts the houses were irregularly built to a large space called Gresse's Gardens, thence to Windmill Street, strongly recommended by physicians for the salubrity of the air. The premises occupied by the French charity children were held by the founders of the Middlesex Hospital, which were established in 1755, where the patients remained until the present building was erected in Charles Street. Colville Court, parallel with Windmill Street northward, was built in 1766; and Goodge Street, further on, was, I conjecture, erected much about the same time. Mr. Whitefield's chapel was built 1754, upon the site of an immense pond, called 'The Little Sea.' Beyond the chapel the four dwellings, then called 'Paradise Row,' almost terminated the houses on that side. A turnstile opened into Crab-tree Fields. They extended to the Adam and Eve public-house, the original appearance of which Hogarth has also introduced into his picture of 'The March to Finchley.' It was at this house that the famous pugilistic skill of Broughton and Slack was publicly exhibited, upon an uncovered stage, in a yard open to the North Road.† * * *

inscription was cut in stone: 'Opposite to this house stood St. Giles's Pound.' This spot has been rendered popular by a song, attributed to the pen of a Mr. Thompson, an actor of the Drury Lane company:

"On Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
Bred up near St. Giles's Pound."

[Did Douglas Jerrold take the hint and title of his *St. Giles and St. James* from this couplet or song?]

* "As is acknowledged on his tombstone in St. James's burial-ground, Hampstead Road."

† "See the before-mentioned picture by Hogarth. The rare and beautiful etching from this picture was the production of Luke Sullivan, a native of Ireland; but how he acquired his knowledge of art I have not been able to learn; most probably he was of Dame Nature's school, where pupils can be taught gratis the whole twenty-four hours of every day as long as the world lasts. Sullivan's talents were not confined to the art of engraving; he was, in my humble opinion, the most extraordinary of all miniature painters. I have seen three or four of his productions, one of which was so particularly fine, that I could almost

"Notwithstanding Tottenham Court Road was so infested by the lowest order, who kept what they called a 'Gooseberry Fair,' it was famous at certain times of the year, particularly in summer, for its booths of regular theatrical performers, who deserted the empty benches of Drury Lane Theatre, under the mismanagement of Mr. Fleetwood, and condescended to admit the audience at sixpence each. Mr. Yates, and several other eminent performers, had their names painted on their booths."

To our taste these are agreeable reminiscences, something like those of Pyne's popular *Wine and Walnuts*, which originally enlivened our weekly page; and we therefore proceed to select a few more of them, in miscellaneous dis-order. Under the date of 1786 occur a number of biographical and characteristic sketches of individuals who used to attend the print-auctions of Moser's and Millan's collections three years before; from which we copy the following:

"Mr. Gough, the editor of 'Camden's Britannia,' was a constant frequenter of his book-sales. This antiquary was about the same height as the auctioneer, but in wig very different, as he wore, when I knew him, a short shining curled one. His coat was of formal cut, but he had no round belly; and his waistcoat and smallclothes were from the small piece. He was mostly in boots, and carried a swish-whip when he walked. His temper I know was not good, and he seldom forgave those persons who dared to bid stoutly against him for a lot at an auction: his eyes, which were small and of the winky-pinky sort, fully announced the fretful being. As for his judgment in works of art, if he had any, it availed him little, being as much satisfied with the dry and monotonous manner of Old Basire, as our late President West was with the beautiful style of Woollett and Hall. Dr. Lort, the constant correspondent of Old Cole, a man of his own stamp, broad and bony, in height nearly six feet, of manners equally morose, and in every respect just as forbidding. His wig was a large bushy, and usually of a brown appearance, for want of a dust of powder. He was chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire; and as he wore thick worsted stockings, and walked any-how through the mud, considered himself in no way obliged to give the street-sweepers a farthing. He had some wit, however, but it was often displayed in a cowardly manner, being mostly directed towards his little opponent, Doctor Gossett, who was unfortunately much afflicted by deformity, and of a temper easily roused by too frequent a repetition of three-penny biddings at Patterson's."*

"Caleb Whiteford was what is usually called a slight-built man, and much addicted, when in conversation, to shrug up his shoulders. He had a thin face, with little eyes; his deportment was gentlemanly, though perhaps sometimes too high for his situation in life. His dress, upon which he bestowed great attention, was in some instances singular, particularly in his hat and wig, which were remarkable as being solitary specimens of the Garrick school. He considered himself a first-rate judge of

say I have it on my retina at this moment. It was the portrait of a most lovely woman as to features, flesh, and blood. She was dressed in a pale green silk gown, lapelled with straw-coloured satin; and in order to keep up a sweetness of tone, the artist had placed primroses in her stomach; the sky was of a warm green, which blended harmoniously with the carnations of her complexion; her hair was jet, and her necklace of pearls."

* Patterson sold his books singly, and took three-pence at a bidding.

pictures, always preferring those by the old masters, but which he endeavoured to improve by touching up; and when in this conceited employment, I have frequently seen him fall back in his chair, and turn his head from one shoulder to the other, with as much admiration of what he had done, as Hogarth's sign-painter of the Barley-mow, in his inimitable print of 'Beer Street.' Captain William Baillie was also an amateur in art; he suffered from an asthma, which often stood his friend by allowing a lengthened fit of coughing to stop a sentence whenever he found himself in want of words to complete it. When not engaged in his duties as a commissioner of the Stamp Office, he for years amused himself in what he called etching; but in what Rembrandt, as well as every true artist, would call scratching. He could not draw, nor had he an eye for effect. To prove this assertion I will 'end him at a blow,' by bringing to my informed reader's recollection the captain's execrable plate, which he considered to be an improvement upon Rembrandt's 'Three Trees.*' He commonly wore a camel coat, and walked so slowly and with such measured steps, that he appeared like a man heavily laden with jack-boots and Munchausen-spurs; and whenever he entered an auction-room, he generally permitted his cough to announce his arrival. . . .

"Mr. Rawle, an accoutrement-maker, then living in the Strand, was a visitor: he was the friend of Captain Grose, and the executor of Thomas Worlledge, the etcher. In his early days he had collected many curious and valuable articles. His cabinets contained numerous interesting portraits in miniature of Elizabethan characters. He was a professed commonwealth man, and possessed many of the protector's, or, according to some writers, the usurper's letters. He also prided himself upon having the leathern doublet, sword, and hat, in which Oliver dissolved the parliament, and shewed a helmet that he could incontrovertibly prove had belonged to him. He likewise frequently expatiated for a considerable time upon a magnificent wig, which he said had been worn by that merry monarch, King Charles the Second.†

"Henderson, the player, who was also a collector of Hogarth's works, seldom made his appearance on these boards—John Ireland being his deputy-manager. I must not omit to mention another singular but most honourable character, of the name of Hayward, nicknamed 'Old Iron Wig.' His dress was precise, and manner of walking rather stiff. He was an extensive purchaser of every kind of article in art, particularly Rowlandson's drawings; for this purpose he employed the merry and friendly Mr. Seguir, the picture-dealer, a schoolfellow of my father's, to bid for him. I shall now close this list by observing, that my early friend and fellow-pupil, Rowlandson, who has frequently made drawings of Hutchins and his print-auctions, has produced a most spirited etching, in which not only many of the above described characters are introduced, but also most of the printsellers of the day. There is another, though it must be owned very indif-

ferent, plate, containing what the publisher called 'Portraits of Printsellers,' from a monotonous drawing by the late Silvester Harding, whose manner of delineation made persons appear to be all of one family, particularly his sleepy-eyed and gaudily-coloured drawings of ladies."

We ought, by the by, among these characters, to have mentioned Mr. Matthew Mitchell, a banker, who was signalled by a strange natural antipathy to a kitten:

"He could sit in a room without experiencing the least emotion from a cat; but directly he perceived a kitten, his flesh shook on his bones, like a snail in vinegar. I once relieved him from one of these paroxysms, by taking a kitten out of the room; on my return he thanked me, and declared his feelings to be insupportable upon such an occasion. Long subsequently I asked him whether he could in any way account for this agitation. He said he could not; adding, that he experienced no such sensations upon seeing a full-grown cat; but that a kitten, after he had looked at it for a minute or two, in his imagination grew to the size of an overpowering elephant."

Here we must break off, reserving a few of the more modern anecdotes for next week.

The Lady of Milan; or, Fidelity unto Death. Edited by Mrs. Thomson, author of "Widows and Widowers," "Ragland Castle," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS work affords a very striking description of northern Italy in the middle of the 14th century, and of one of those merciless feuds which deluged states and cities with blood. The scene is laid in Lombardy; to the sovereignty of which Luchino, one of the Gonzaga lords of Mantua, succeeded in 1340, and his villanies and cruelties weave the web of crimes and horrors unfolded by the author. To say that any of these Italian stories enlist our sympathies would be untrue, and in the present instance we are really glad of it; for if we felt deeply for the sufferers, their tragic ending would be too distressing. As a series of pictures of the age and country, shewing the iron despotism of sanguinary tyrants, the pliancy of their personally brave tools, the knights and mere soldiers delighting in battle, the hatred of the oppressed among the aristocracy and rival factions, and the passiveness, if not subserviency, of the terrified people, the work will be read with interest and instruction: and as examples of its manner and style, we copy a passage from the beginning and another from the close. The first is a drawing of a court-fool, in a grand procession:

"Grillincervello—this was the name of Luchino's buffoon—was of a character the most becoming his profession and dignity; his dress and person were in entire harmony. His shaven head was protected by a conical white cap, surmounted with a scarlet crest, resembling a cock's comb; his doublet and breeches, both ill-fashioned and somewhat too large, were loaded with enormous buttons and ring-shaped bells. He carried in his hand a short staff, the other end of which was carved into the figure of a fool's head, and adorned with ass's ears. Two radishes, which he called his spurs of Pavian manufacture, attached to his heels, served to excite the mettle of a spirited 'palfrey of Barlassina' (for so he usually designated his ass), caparisoned and gaily decked with a profusion of ribbons and small bells. His mouth was constantly distorted into a smile, half idiotic and half malignant. His eyes, wandering and askance, seemed to dance hither and thither,

now giving chase to a pig, and now intent on the poultry; for these creatures ran freely about the streets, to the great annoyance of passengers, and sometimes entirely blocked up the way. On these animals he was accustomed to bestow a bon-mot or a jest; for which, however, he usually substituted a blow, when they came within the reach of his wand. He muttered some phrases of incomprehensible jargon in the ear of Melik [German captain of the guard], and the better to attract his attention, sharply twitched his enormous whisker; then he suddenly darted away to a great distance, before Melik, who abated not a jot of his wonted gravity, had time to give him a stroke with the flat of his sword. Matteo Salvatico, the renowned author of the 'Opus Pandectarum Medicinæ,' a treatise on the virtues of herbs, rode in the procession, with all the affected dignity of a physician of that day, wearing a purple cloak, many costly rings on his fingers, and having his buskins armed with spurs of gold. The fool, after cracking one of his best jokes on Matteo's unfortunate steed, the pith of which it would be impossible to convey in written language, said to the doctor, 'Do you feel his pulse.' Then making his way to Andalon del Nero, the astrologer, an indispensable attendant on all the courts of that period, he found him apparently absorbed in a profound mental calculation; 'The stars,' said he, 'have not forewarned thee of this,' and accompanied his observation with a sturdy blow on the nape of the neck."

Our contrast is from one of the final executions:

"Two persons among the many fixed their eyes on this affecting scene with widely different sentiments—alas! as widely different as those of a faithful brother and an insulting enemy, namely, Alpinolo and Ramengo. The first, under the appearance of a criminal, possessed a generous heart, full of penitence and unbounded compassion, that in its refined sympathy for those virtuous beings seemed to have forgotten the sentence that would in a few moments place him beyond the confines of mortality. Ramengo, beneath the mask of pity, concealed that deep depravity of heart that God sometimes permits to be exhibited on earth as proof and a foretaste of hell. Ramengo looked on Margaret as a sacrifice to his tormenting revenge; and when the head was severed he pushed himself forward to gratify his loathsome vengeance with the sight of the streaming blood, some drops of which fell on his white raiment. He surveyed, numbered, analysed, the spasmodic contractions of the dying face; the increasing paleness as the blood forsook the skin; the eyes, that vacantly rolling in their sockets, seemed eager to retain the latest perception of light; in short, he imagined that those eyes threw a last look on him, and he exclaimed, 'Now I am satisfied!' While the executioner was removing the coagulated blood, and placing in the coffin the lifeless trunk, which now had ceased its convulsive vibrations, and had just exclaimed, 'Now the other,' Ramengo turning round, found himself facing Alpinolo, who with eager and silent courage was just mounting the scaffold. Pale and wasted with wounds of the body, and the still deeper wounds of his heart, the prospect of present death gave this youth no concern, nor abated one jot of the determined fierceness of his brow; he took his station proudly, like a fallen angel that glories in his deeds, and disdains the thought of pardon! No sooner were the chains removed that fastened his hands behind, than he raised the ring

* "Mr. West classed him amongst the conceited men. 'Sir,' said the venerable president, 'when I requested him to shew me a fine impression of Rembrandt's hundred-guilder print, he placed one of his own restored impressions before me, with as much confidence as my little friend Edwards attempts to teach perspective in the Royal Academy.'"

† "This singular character never would allow more than a halfpenny-worth of vegetables to be put upon his table, though they were ever so cheap; and when they were above his price he went without."

to his lips, and kissed it. That diamond flashed on the eyes of Ramengo, and reminded him of one exactly like it that he had formerly placed on the finger of his Rosalia, and had afterwards found again in the cabin of the miller on the banks of the Po. This vague recollection was quickly changed into a fierce consternation when he saw the condemned draw this ring from his finger, look on it with tenderness, kiss it, press it to his heart, and kiss it again; then with the expression of one whose heart is divided between the objects most beloved and all that is now left dear to him on the earth, he presented it to the executioner's boy, and said to him, 'Keep it; and when I am dead, bury me beside that saint.' While this scene was being enacted, Ramengo observed that Alpinolo's hand was deficient of a finger, and the very same finger that he had cut from the hand of his infant son in a fit of jealous fury. That finger, the ring, and the words of the culprit, increased his agitation to the utmost. He took a step forward, stretched out his arm, and snatching the ring from the hand of the executioner's boy, exclaimed, 'Let me see it! let me see it!' The executioner was struck with astonishment at this act. Alpinolo looked on the masked face of the stranger with mingled curiosity and displeasure: the other examining attentively the features of the condemned, at length recognised him, notwithstanding the alteration that pain and anxiety had produced. He recognised Alpinolo his son, whom he had sought with such anxious desire, he who alone could render him the consolations of filial love, the fulfilment of his vanity, make him the envy of the world; here, at last, he had found that son, but with his feet on the scaffold, and brought thither by his father's means! He could no longer restrain himself; and with furious gesticulation he exclaimed, 'Alpinolo, Alpinolo, I remember you!' Alpinolo, who had already mounted the block, was aroused at hearing a voice address him by name, that seemed to be calling him from the dead. The executioner, unable to comprehend this scene, stood a moment in suspense; then crying, 'Take yourself away, you busybody!' he returned to his victim. But the other opposed him by main force. 'No, no,' he cried; 'this youth must not die; no—he is not the one I supposed—he is not a hiring soldier. This is the brave Squire Alpinolo, the same that saved the Lord Luchino at Parabiago. No, gentlemen, no—this must not be; he is not to be executed in this way, like a common murderer'—'What is all this hubbub about?' demanded the executioner. 'Whoever this youth may be, it is my business to execute him. Do you suppose I don't know how to behead a squire as well as any other culprit? You should have told all these stories to my Lord Vicar.' 'Yes,' replied Ramengo, with anxiety; 'the Lord Vicar knows him well; but he does not know that he has condemned him. It is altogether a mistake. He has given me impunity for him. Wait, for charity's sake, wait one moment—lay aside your axe! Soldiers, mark me; this man is your own comrade; he is the Squire Alpinolo, who fought so valiantly at Parabiago—you have surely heard of him, eh? Well, then, this is the very same man; he has joined your company. But surely you will not allow one of your own comrades to go to the gibbet. Hear now—mark what I am going to say. I do not wish to save him unjustly, although he has been unjustly left to suffer death. I only ask this favour—suspend the execution a short time—just half an hour—I pray you, I conjure you; by your wives, by

your children. Is there none among you who has a wife? who has children? Make the executioner wait: call your captain, eh, Signor Melik! you that are so brave, so valiant: this youth is not the one I took him to be. Look at him; don't you know him? Why, it is he that fought with you at the battle of St. Agnes, where he gained such signal honour. And when the Lord Vicar knows who he is, he will punish those that have suffered him to die in this manner—because he, the Lord Luchino himself, has granted letters of pardon for this youth; I have them—signed and sealed by the Visconti. In charity, stop the proceedings one moment, a single moment, while I go and fetch the letters of impunity. No, he must not die. Let us see who is to be lord of Milan, the prince or the executioner. He shall not die, no.'

We will not anticipate the last—it is a terrible retribution.

Before laying down our pen, we should advert to a number of natural moral reflections which are sprinkled like pearls over this woe-fall tale of folly and guilt: they do credit to the author (who is much of a translator), or to the accomplished editor. An amusing typographical error, so slight as the position of a comma, but which puzzled us for a moment, may relieve the sombre aspect of the scaffold *dénouement*. The text reads thus: 'If we correctly picture to our minds the men of that ancient period, with their steel armour, rich cloaks and furs, collars and necklaces of gold hats, o'erwaved with nodding plumes, the sword at the side, and the heavy iron mace resting on the saddle-bow,' &c. We could not imagine what, in the name of costume, the "necklaces of gold hats" could be; but the moment we put the comma after "gold" we pounced upon the meaning.

Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil. By W. H. G. Kingston, Esq., author of the "Circassian Chief," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, J. W. Parker.

THESE are what they purport to be, and nothing more, sketches of the north of Portugal, lightly and naturally describing country and inhabitants, and farther illustrating both by pretty lithographs of interesting views, and characteristic cuts of various classes of the people. The author appears to have greatly enjoyed his sojourn, and to have benefited his health by his mountain and other excursions. His accounts accordingly partake of his temperament, and are gently tinged with the rose-colour. What he saw was seen through a favourable medium; and it does not detract from the reader's pleasure to find himself accompanying a well-satisfied and socially disposed traveller. Such a one is infinitely to be preferred to the eternal grumbler; and, if the precise truth be sought, is quite as much to be depended upon. *Ergo*, we say, give us such writers as Mr. Kingston; and were we to crack a few bottles of Port with any Portuguese tourist, from Beckford to Pardoe, we really think, for reasons which occur in his second volume on the subject, and to which we shall refer, he is the individual we should honour by our selection for a symposium. And this is all we need say by way of introduction to a publication of this unpretending order; for the rest our quotations may speak.

The work is dedicated to the Earl of Carnarvon, with just compliments to his literary tastes and merits, and in unison with his lordship's good opinion of the Portuguese. The author then specifies the district through which he

wandered, viz. the provinces from the Minho to the Mondego, and laying down chapter and verse (*i. e.* head lines to every page), good humouredly gives every body leave to skip over the parts least interesting to their curiosity. Availing ourselves of this permission, we have quitted England, visited Vigo, seen Oporto, and have journeyed to Guimaraens, where stands the cathedral, adorned by the following story:

"We wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to shew us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called 'The Treasures of Our Lady'—*Os Tesouros de Nossa Senhora*. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival, while dressing, the maidservant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly, '*Os Tesouros de Nossa Senhora*,' which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she after all had been shewn, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see 'the scissors of *Nossa Senhora*.' 'What does the lady want to see?' said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. 'The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*,' said the young lady quietly. 'The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*! Ha! ha! ha! The scissors of *Nossa Senhora*! Ha! ha! ha!' repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cackination before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited '*os thesouros de Nossa Senhora*,' but that for '*suas tesouras*,' they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha! and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the 'scissors' of *Nossa Senhora*."

Allied to this spot we have a nice national legend, attached to an ancient tree wonderfully respected by all the inhabitants. It stands on a green mound, and is surrounded by iron palings. Its history, told by a female inter-pretress, runs thus:

"You must know, senhor, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say thousands—there lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that, although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the prin-

cipal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance; but scarcely had he been unanimously elected when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence; when what was his surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king! Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, senior; he therefore at once, taking off his own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule; but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious in their lives; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. 'It cannot be!—it cannot be!' he exclaimed. 'I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.' 'No one is more worthy than Wamba! no one is more worthy than Wamba!' was shouted among the crowd; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. 'It is enough, my friends; I beg you do not mock me!' he cried: 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends!' he exclaimed, striking in his vexation his long iron-pointed goad (his *paú*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I cut twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or any thing you require; but till then, I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels, I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select. They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound, where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when, what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft; but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching

power might be vouchsafed him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous; nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt."

The annexed, at the same place, may serve as a specimen of Mr. Kingston's descriptions of the country:

"Few towns in Portugal are more beautifully situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country, than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums which, being dried, are packed in small round boxes by the nuns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form with merely a cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shewn in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to the devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit that I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues. On leaving Guimaraens, we passed under a dark and venerable gateway of the ancient town, on which the hand of time had worked with slight effect; and we might have fancied ourselves a company of the knightly followers of the brave Alfonso Henrique, had we not been clothed in the effeminate habiliments of white jackets and straw-hats, which I opine they did not wear. It were endless to describe the beautiful scenery we passed—on each side fertile valleys and laughing hills, rich orchards and luxuriant corn-fields, while every hedge was overhung by the slender tendrils of the vine loaded with its juicy fruit; so that, as we rode along, we might pick and eat to our heart's content. Such is the fertile province of the Minho—the bright gem of Lusitania's lovely land. There are, it is true, steep and rugged serras intervening—the bold outlines of the landscape; but far up their sides extend corn-fields or vineyards, and on their summits graze numerous flocks of sheep or goats. When the gradual extension of good roads enables the farmers to bring their produce at a less expense to market, not a spot of ground will remain unemployed; so that this province will become, for its size, one of the richest in the world, as it is now the richest in Portugal."

The Romans had good roads in this country, and why should not its modern possessors,

though, as Mr. K. assures us, it is far too mountainous to be able to avail itself of the great advantage of railways? In his chapter entitled "Traits and Traditions," the author states several matters, from among which we select the following:

"Saints' days are here ushered in by fireworks, such as rockets, squibs, and crackers. It is extraordinary what a noise they make—one cannot fail to be struck by the piety of the people. No sooner does the day break than those under the immediate protection of the saint commence their noisy salutations—bang, bang, bang—crack, crack, crack. Not a soul in the parish can longer hope to sleep, but must up and do him reverence. Each saint, besides being the peculiar protector of different individuals, has some especial office in which his brother-saints do not interfere; and no well-instructed person in religious affairs would dream of appealing to one of them in a matter belonging to the jurisdiction of another. St. Gonsalves cures pains in the knees and arms, and patronises tin-smiths and potters. St. Vincent is the patron of cutlers, and cures the small-pox. Comb-makers are under the patronage of St. Blaise; and tanners are cared for by St. Anthony. St. Barbara watches over the artillery. Carpenters, musicians, painters, goldsmiths, and barbers, acknowledge the guardianship of St. Joseph, St. Cecilia, St. Luke, St. Elvi, and St. George. St. John Nepomucene secures his suppliant's against ill-fame. St. Jerome wards off thunderbolts; and conflagrations are extinguished by St. Marshal. St. Egidius is called upon during earthquakes; and St. Onofrius in hunger. St. Michael de Sanctis heals tumours and cancers. Coughs are treated by St. Jude. St. Ovidio is invoked for deafness; St. Apollonia for toothache; and St. Clare and St. Lucy for sore eyes. St. Sebastian cures malignant fevers; and St. Benedict venomous bites. Indeed, there is not an imaginable situation in life, a danger, or a disease, which has not its corresponding saint, or, as is commonly said, its advocate."

"The Portuguese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed; at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general, however, such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil a new pair of trousers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled their peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly

knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine at a considerable distance; but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither. Truly there appear to be many curious ways to heaven; and had I the creed of some persons, I might add, 'few there be who find the right one;' but as I pity these poor people who are not taught better things, so do I believe will their and my Maker. I do not give these accounts as amusing stories to be merely laughed at, but that the character of the people may be better understood. There is not an earnest, deep character; they have faith in what we consider absurdities, and yet they laugh at them. On being asked if they really believe in the efficacy of such things, a shrug of the shoulders is the general answer. 'We are told to believe in them, and why not?' is the utmost that can be extracted from them. One then finds the question put to oneself, and one is compelled either to say things which are considered little less than treason against the church, or to hold silence. Thus the uneducated, ignorant peasant gains the day with her '*Pois não?*' Why not? Nor is this species of penance exacted only of human beings. Frequently cattle, which have escaped a murrain that has destroyed their fellows, are led round some favourite shrine; horses, oxen, asses, and swine sometimes, shewing most irreverent unwillingness to fulfill their owners' vows, by the performance of what they, more wise, must look upon as a useless ceremony. From days of yore, I fear pigs have had few religious tendencies—the exceptions, at all events, are rare. These exhibitions are by no means grateful to the ear. Grunting and squeaking they go round; sometimes, too, the hinder part foremost, when the penitential hog takes it into his head to turn back the way by which he came. Asses shew more respect to the sacred edifice, though they do sometimes bray rather loudly; but oxen appear the most piously inclined of any. While I am laughing, I am reminded of a story told by a friend of mine of two ladies who made a vow to walk to Matozinhos, a distance of four miles, without speaking. They tried it nine times, and were at last compelled to undergo a severe penance to exonerate them from what they found to be impossible of performance. Another favourite vow, made chiefly by farmers, is to present to their church their own weight in corn or wax; for weighing which a large pair of scales are suspended in the sacristy, or some room adjoining the church, into which the votary and his produce are placed. Should he desire to recover it again, he may commute it with money—a very wise arrangement of the priests!"

[To be continued.]

Legends of the Isles, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, author of "The Salamandrine," "The Hope of the World," &c. &c. Pp. 230. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods.

THE "wild and poetical originality" of Mr. Mackay's powers, as well as his imaginative mind and descriptive talents, have been the theme of our admiration when his preceding volumes appeared, and established him on the roll of popular living poets. Being again called upon to act the part of revising-barrister in regard to his claim, it affords us much satisfaction to say (no objection being offered from

any quarter, liberal or illiberal), that he stands more than entitled to all the distinctions and privileges of our former award, and is consequently not only not to be struck off, but to be continued, with an increase of credit, and fully confirmed beyond appeal in all and sundry his rights to be considered a freeholder of our constitutional Parnassus.

The *Legends of the Isles* are in very various metres, and give us stirring descriptions of superstitions which have been alluded to by former authors, as handed down among the thousand and one tales of the Scottish Highlands. Each is marked by an appropriate versification, which shews how finely their spirit has been communicated to the brain of the writer, and how competent he is to develop in composition what his fancy so happily conceives. The first, the "Sea-King's Burial," is a striking account of the tradition according to which the old Norse naval heroes when about to die were shipped in the vessel, committed to the sea, with flowing sails and a fire lighted below, so that it might blaze up and consume the body in a style befitting his warlike exploits and fame.

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the sea-king to his men;
'I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides

If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived

They have raised King Balder up,
Put a crown upon his head,
They have sheath'd his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore;
All the energy of yore
From his dim eye flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship

And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound

'Hurra! for mighty Balder!
As he lived, so he will die!
Hurra! hurra! for Balder!
Said the crowd as he went by.
'He will perish on the wave
Like the old Viking brave;
And in high Valhalla's halls
Hold eternal festivals;
And drink the blood-red draught
None but heroes ever quaff'd,
With Odin and the spirits

In the fire, or in the wreck,
He will die upon his deck,
And be buried like a monarch

Old Balder heard their shouts
As they bore him to the beach;
And his fading eye grew bright
With the eloquence of speech
As he heard the mighty roar
Of the people on the shore,
And the trumpets pealing round
With a bold triumphant sound,
And saw the flags afar
Of a hundred ships of war,
That were riding in the harbour

And said Balder to his men,
And his pale cheek flushed again—
'I have lived, and I will die

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,

Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weigh'd,
And the snowy sails display'd
To the favouring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell

Tenderly,
Saying, 'King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea!'

The whole is too long for us to quote; but this opening is enough to display the skilful adaptation of the song to the event celebrated; and we may point to the famous Battle of Largs, as another gratifying example of the same merit.

Saint Columba's spectral numbering of the Western Isles is also an impressive piece. The saint is graphically described in his lonely boat, till he reaches the sacred Lona:

"And the lone traveller stepped on shore,
Leaning upon the staff he bore.

A long loose mantle wrapped his limbs—
A cowl concealed his head;
And meek, yet lordly, was his look,
And solemn was his tread.
And lo—to meet him on the beach,
A pale and shadowy band,
Barefoot—bareheaded—holding each
A taper in his hand,
Came in long line, from Oran's shrine,
And gathered on the strand.

No word was said, no sign was made,
Spectres all pale and wan,
With earthward looks—"mid silence deep—
Their noiseless march began.
And slow they followed where he led;
And, moved as by a blast,
The doors of St. Columba's kirk
Flew open as they passed,
And shewed the lights on roof and wall
Lit up for solemn festival.

And choral voices sweet and clear,
Drawn out in cadence long,
Re-echo'd through the vaulted aisles,
Attuned to holy song;
And music like a flowing tide,
From organ-pipes unseen,
Poured forth a full majestic strain
Each solemn pause between;
And myrrh and incense filled the air,
And shadowy lips were moved in prayer.

Each damp and moss-grown sepulchre,
Each vault and charnel cold,
Each grassy mound, let forth its dead,
And from th' enfettering mould
Dim shadows of departed kings,
Sceptred and robed and crowned,
And mitred bishops, meek and pale,
And abbots cowed and gowned,
Came thronging in the moonlight grey
In long impalpable array.

And fierce Viking, swathed in mail,
Pallid and gaunt, stood forth—
Old pirates, that to spoil the land
Had issued from the north;
Lords of the isles, and Thanes, and Jarls,
Barons and Marmors grim,
With helm on head and glaive in hand,
In rusty armour dim,
Responsive to some powerful call
Gathered obedient, one and all.

And now the choral voices hushed,
And ceased the organ tone;
As to the altar steps, high raised,
Sad, silent, and alone.

The traveller passed.—To him all eyes
Turned reverent as he trod,
And whispering voices, each to each,
Proclaimed the man of God—
Columba, in his ancient place,
Radiant with glory and with grace.
Back fell his cowl—his mantle dropped;
And in a stream of light,
A halo round his aged head,
And robed in dazzling white—
The saint, with smiles of heavenly love,
Stretch'd forth his hands to pray,
And kings and thanes, and monks and jarls,
Knelt down in their array,
Silent, with pallid lips compressed,
And hands cross'd humbly on their breast.
He craved a blessing on the Isles,
And named them, one by one—

Fair western isles, that love the glow
Of the departing sun,—
From Arran, looming in the south,
To northern Orcaades,
Then to Iona back again,
Through all those perilous seas,
Three days and nights the saint had sailed
To count the Hebrides.
He loved them for Iona's sake,
The isle of prayer and praise,
Where Truth and Knowledge found a home
When fallen on evil days.
And now he blessed them, each and all,
And prayed that evermore,
Plenty and Peace, and Christian love,
Might smile on every shore,
And that their mountain glens might be
The abiding-places of the free.
Then, as he ceased, kings, abbots, earls,
And all the shadowy train,
Rose from their knees, and choral songs
Re-echoed loud again—
And then were hushed—the lights burned dim,
And ere the dawn of day
The saint and all the ghostly choir
Dissolved in mist away :
Aërial voices sounding still
Sweet harmonies from Dun's hill.
And every year Columba makes,
While yet the summer smiles,
Along, within his spectral boat,
The circuit of the isles ;
And monks and abbots, thanes and kings,
From vault and charnel start,
Disburied, in the rite to bear
Their dim, allotted part,
And crave, upon their bended knees,
A blessing on the Hebrides."

We find, when we begin to quote, that we are seduced by the liquid verse to swim sweetly on, as if borne on gentle waves, much farther than our first intent; and we must tear ourselves from the recreation and leap ashore, like the Norsemen of Haco. In a philosophical mood, the author thus speaks of "the struggle for fame" of an ingenuous soul :

"If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust :
If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest :
If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening grey,
At thankless work, for scanty pay :
If in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down :
If thou canst bear the averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the selfsame race :
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind :—
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul !
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal."

Such goal, and by no less virtuous means, we believe, has Charles Mackay attained: that he may long enjoy this noble position is the heartfelt wish of all who know him, or taste the pure spring of his poetry. We must abstain from more illustrations, and yet regret we cannot quote many single lines which approve the bard as entirely as pages could do. Here is a splendid image :

"Starless and moonless was the night,
And on the waters lay,
Like silence palpable to sight,
Thick wreaths of vapour grey."

Or again, in the striking supernatural dance of Ballochroy :

"And now they bounded, now they tripp'd,
With panting pleasure, open-lipp'd,
And brisker, merrier, louder still
Sounded the music o'er the hill."

We could instance many such touches, but must conclude; and we do so with the finale of this highly spirited and affecting poem, after the deceitful fairy or witch enchantments, which have led him to voluptuous ruin, disappear :

"And once again the dance they twined—
They seemed like feathers on the wind—
Their hands they waved, their feet they twirled—
They ran, they leaped, they tripped, they whirled."

But as he danced, his eyes grew dim,
His blood ran thick through every limb;
And every face, so fair and bright,
Appeared distorted to his sight.

The lustre of their eyes was gone,
Their cheeks grew wrinkled, pale, and wan;
Their fair plump arms grew shrivelled skin,
Their voices hoarse, and sharp, and thin.

Bloodshot, and blear, and hollow-eyed,
Each raised her finger to deride;
And each more hideous than the last,
Chattered and jabbered as she passed.

And with discordant yell and shout,
They wheeled in frantic droves about,
And gibing, in his visage scowled,
And moaned, and shrieked, and laughed, and howled.

Again he fell in speechless dread;
And then came one with drooping head,
And looks all pity and dismay,
And gazed upon him where he lay.

Her glancing eyes were black as jet,
Her fair pale cheeks with tears were wet;
And beauty, modesty, and grace,
Strove for the mastery on her face.

He knew her well; and, as she wept,
A cold, cold shudder o'er him crept:
'Twas Ellen's self! ah, well he knew
That face so fair, that heart so true!

He felt her teardrops fall and flow,
But they were chill as melted snow;
Then looking on her face, he sighed,
Felt her cold kiss, and, shivering, died."

HOLMES'S CASPIAN.

[Fourth notice: conclusion.]

SOME of the country sporting is well described, but we leave the particulars for our Nimrods, for extracts of more general interest.

"This evening, however, an incident occurred, which broke the usual monotony. Just before sunset, while taking a constitutional turn in the garden, we heard the loud report of a cannon in the adjoining yard; but as it was the season of the Moharrem, and guns were being continually discharged in different parts of the town, we took no notice of the circumstance, and continued our walk. A few minutes afterwards, Suleiman Khan with his two sons and some attendants entered the garden. He came towards us half-laughing and half-pretending to be angry, though evidently delighted, and exclaimed, 'Look here! What shall I do? This Jansiz Khan' (pointing to his eldest son, a lad of about seventeen years of age)—'This Jansiz Khan has been blowing away a Toorceman from a gun, without consulting me, or in any way having my permission. What shall I do? Vai! Vai!' There were smiles on all the surrounding faces, and the khan himself could, with difficulty, refrain from laughing; we therefore supposed that a joke was meant to be practised upon us, and began to laugh likewise. Their repeated assurances of the fact, however, soon made us understand that there was small matter for joking, but that a human being had been massacred by a boy, without warrant or authority. 'By Allah! By your heads, it is so!' said the khan; 'go and see.' We went, and there lay the remains of the unfortunate wretch, a bloody and sickening spectacle. The legs had been tied by the heels to the gun-carriage, and had just fallen in front of it: the body had been blown to atoms, and its blood and fragments were spattered against the opposite wall. One arm had been torn off from the shoulder, and the other, with the head attached to it, lay near. The countenance was rather handsome, and as if composed in sleep; and though this mode of death is very horrible to the spectators, it must be without pain to the victim. The man's

name was Mourud Allee, of the Otterboy tribe, a well-known offender, who had at different times stolen four men, and sold them as slaves at Khiva, besides carrying off quantities of cattle. He was caught coming into the town for the same purpose, and the punishment happened to be just and necessary; but the unceremonious manner in which it was performed, without any kind of inquiry, at the order of a mere boy, and the levity and total want of feeling exhibited on the occasion were altogether disgusting. He died without making any supplication for mercy, or without uttering a single word.

"Jan. 27. The khan paid us his usual visit at breakfast, and in the course of conversation intimated his intention of likewise blowing away the gentleman who had sold his uncle, saying that the execution should take place on the morrow, and that he would give us notice in time to witness it. We, however, declined, and once more begged that the man's life might be spared, and some other punishment decided on. 'Well,' said the khan, 'while you are here, he shall live.'—'And when we are gone?' interrupted my friend.—'He must die; the Mollahs have so decided.' Several months afterwards I heard that the man's nose, ears, a hand and a foot, had been cut off, and that he had died in consequence. Among such a people some degree of severity is undoubtedly necessary, and similar examples, were they occasionally made, would go a great way to prevent their malpractices; but it is to be regretted that sometimes governors are lenient, and allow culprits to escape with impunity; at other times they prefer the more profitable alternative of a fine; so that the example of a terrible fate is seldom presented to the people to deter them from crime."

Dramatic representations during the Moharrem, though curious, need not detain us, who have enough of bad pieces and bad acting at home. A night's bivouac in some extensive caves, and the wonders of a miraculous spring, may be pointed out as worthy of attention; and, indeed, the various notices of Persian superstitions will be found to be equally deserving. Here are a sample or two:

"Auhooan is one of the chuppar stations on the road to Meshed; two or three horees are always in readiness, and the chuppargee keeps a small shop, where bread, corn, and other necessities, are sold. The following tradition is told regarding the name of the place. The Imaum Reza happening one day to pass this way, met a hunter, who had just caught an auhoo, or wild sheep. The animal recognised the Imaum, which the huntsman did not; and, with tears in its eyes, entreated him to intercede, that she might be allowed to return to the desert for a young one she had left there. The Imaum spoke to the huntsman, who does not appear to have been at all astonished to hear the sheep speak; and who refused at first to let her go, as he shrewdly supposed that she would not return. However, on the saint offering himself as surety for her, he consented. In a short time the auhoo returned with her young one; seeing which, the hunter fell at the feet of the Imaum, acknowledging the saint, and entreating pardon for having at first refused his request: since then the place has been called Auhooan. The caravanserai has not been built on the exact spot where the scene described took place, as it is destitute of water: the real place is about three miles distant to the north, and is marked by a clump of trees standing in the surrounding desert, which a belief in the story has been the means

of preserving from being cut down for fire-wood. It is a matter of firm faith with the people, that if a man break a branch from one of the trees, he is certain shortly afterwards to break his own sacrilegious arm. A story is related of a man who, a short time ago, cut down two of them, and having loaded his asses with them, came to the caravanserai, intending to depart early the next morning. At a late hour, however, his asses were still seen unladen in the court-yard; and, on going to his cell, he was found dead, having been bitten in the breast by a serpent. This story may be true as far as regards the man's death by the reptile, as there are many most deadly species of serpents in this part of the country; and nothing is more likely than that it might have got in amongst the loads of wood, or have concealed itself amongst the rubbish in the cell; but, of course, it was believed to be a special punishment for the impiety of destroying the sacred trees."

Of Semnoon, "tradition says that it was built by two sons of Noah, Sin and Lam, whence it was called Sinlam, and afterwards, by a rather curious corruption, Semnoon."

Miscellanies to conclude:

"Lagghird is famous for its cheese, which is considered to be the best made in Persia; Persian cheeses, however, at best are very poor and dry, being generally extremely salt, but otherwise devoid of flavour."

At Khaur, a division of Irauk, we are told: "It is well watered by numerous canals, cut from a stream, called Delichai, and is exceedingly fertile, producing great quantities of wheat, barley, and a little rice and cotton. Unfortunately the grain-crops had been almost totally destroyed for the last two years by an insect, which the natives call 'sin.' They come from the north, in immense flights, about the middle of the spring, when the grain has attained about a foot in height, and having remained three days laying their eggs in the plants, disappear as suddenly as they came. About forty days afterwards the young ones come forth, and eat the inside of the ear, leaving only the husk. The parent flies then return, and, remaining one night, assist their progeny to devour what may remain untouched, and then all depart together. Formerly, they used only to be seen in their flight to some other place, or perhaps a village only occasionally suffered from their devastations; but latterly, throughout the whole district, their visits have been so destructive, that the people have not been able to pay the customary revenue."

At Tehraun:

"Paid our respects to Hadgee Meerza Ag-hassee, the prime minister. We found him in his divan-khaneh, surrounded by people, who, at the moment we were announced, were all unceremoniously turned out, except Meerza Aboul Hassan Khan, formerly ambassador to England, and now minister for foreign affairs: who, being the Hadgee's colleague, was seated on the same nummud. The room was a very handsome one; the walls and ceiling being beautifully painted in flowers, women's heads, and other devices, and the windows being of coloured glass. The Hadgee received us very politely, and commenced a most extraordinary conversation, sometimes on one topic and sometimes on another; in the same breath asking questions, and answering them himself: and, before we had been there five minutes, he gave us clearly to understand, that, in his own estimation, the world had seldom seen a man equal to Hadgee Meerza Ag-hassee. 'Who was Bonaparte?' he exclaimed; 'he could have made

him walk round his little finger. And Aflaton (Plato) and Aristotle—whose dogs were they? They might have been wise—it was likely they were; but he was not altogether an ass!' ('Asterfallallah!—God forbid!' muttered his companion.) And then shoving his cap on one side of his head, with an air of immense satisfaction, he dashed off to quite another subject, and, without a moment's pause, inquired, 'What kind of fortress are the Russians building at Arshourada?' We endeavoured to persuade him that no such thing was intended, but he did not appear convinced of it. He spoke with no great favour of the Russians; and, having asked many questions regarding their occupation of the above-mentioned island, said, that the Persian government had no wish that they should remain there. On it being remarked that they were the guests of Persia, that they had been invited to come there, and therefore ought to be better treated, he denied having given any invitation, and inquired, 'What is your idea of a guest? This is mine:—You come, unattended, to see me; you make your bow. I say, 'Khosh aumedeed! you are welcome; take a seat, take a seat.' I call for kalleons, order tea, coffee, sweetmeats—in short, every thing you can wish for. I call that being my guest. But, supposing you come to see me, with a fellow behind you pointing a bayonet at my breast: I say, 'Khosh aumedeed! I tell you to be seated; I shew you, apparently, the same attention as before; but I conceive the case to be very different. Had your mission come here while a squadron of your ships of war pointed their guns on Bunder Busheer, you would have been somewhat the same kind of guest as the Russians:—guests indeed! And then, again instantaneously changing the conversation, he began enumerating the improvements he had lately made about Tehraun; and soon after we took leave. The Hadgee resembles a Toorcoman in features, with his long wrinkled face and scanty beard. He is a spare man, has a very peculiar expression of countenance, and I should have rather supposed him to have been some harmless lunatic than the prime minister of Persia. His history is rather singular. He was one of the meerzas, or scribes, of the Armenian patriarch at Erioon, and is said to be very learned and well read in Persian literature. Abbas Meerza wanting a tutor for his sons, the Hadgee was recommended and engaged, with a salary of fifty or sixty tomauns per annum; he educated all the princes, and prophesied to each that he should one day wear the crown of Persia. In one case, of course, he was right; and, on Abbas Meerza's death, Mahomed Meerza was named, by Fathy Ali Shah, his heir, and succeeded to the throne of his grandfather. The Hadgee used to say that he was the most stupid of the sons of Abbas Meerza, and that teaching him was like driving a nail into a stone block. Soon after the accession of the new king, the Hadgee went to Tehraun to remind him of his services and his prophecy, with a view to obtain a pension; and he was then so poor, that he was obliged to pawn a gun, a sword, and some other articles, to pay the expenses of his journey. He was favoured with an interview with his old pupil, and, having received an imperial order for a pension of five hundred tomauns a year, he retired to get the paper sealed by Meerza Abdul Kossim, the vizier, or Kaimakan, as he was called. The affixing of the seal was put off, on one pretence or another, from day to day; and the Hadgee, seeing that his firman was likely to undergo the fate of many others, again went before the shah. 'What

manner of king are you?' said the Hadgee; 'it is true you gave me a firman, but your minister will not seal it, and it is useless—take back the paper! Is it thus you treat your oldest and most faithful servant?' 'Stay,' said the shah, reddening with anger; 'wait a moment, Hadgee: we shall see whether I am the shah of Persia or not.' The same hour, or very soon afterwards, the Kaimakan was summoned to the royal presence. He came, as usual, without suspicion of what had occurred. The king looked fiercely at him, and commenced a long list of complaints: 'I have now been on the throne nearly six months—my army is not paid—nothing is attended to; my commands are slighted—everything goes wrong; and, by the head of the shah! when I give firmans to my old and faithful servants, they are thrown aside as so much waste-paper. Wallah! Billah! Is it not so? Is my beard to be laughed at in this fashion? Seize him,—seize him!' The ferooshes rushed on their prey, and, before he was well out of the presence, not a rag remained on his back. He was much hated at court; all therefore treated him as a disgraced minister having no friend, cuffing and kicking him to their heart's content. He was afterwards conveyed to a small garden outside the town, near the Doulet-gate, where he was strangled. No one expected that the Hadgee would ever rise to the post of prime minister; but he managed to be constantly near the king, gained his confidence and became necessary to his comfort, and gradually and quietly slipped into the place, which he has occupied ever since. He is now, in fact, the actual monarch, as almost all business about the court is done by him. He sometimes says to the king, 'As I am your sacrifice, what does your majesty know about the matter? Let the shah attend to his pleasures, and leave business to me.' The Kaimakan was strangled in the spring of 1835: the immediate cause of his death was, no doubt, the Hadgee's firman; but he was much disliked and distrusted by the king, whom he used constantly to control in a thousand trifling ways. The shah, for instance, would call in his jellowdar, and order out horses to take a ride; but, before the man could reach the door, the minister would say, 'May it please the Kib-lehauled (point of the world's adoration), but it is going to rain; your majesty had better not ride to-day'; and turning to the grooms, 'There is no occasion for the horses.' He knew the king to be a weak man, and relied too much on the influence he supposed himself to have obtained over him. I was told, that after his death two chests full of unsigned be-raits (orders on the treasury) were found, all of which were, of course, charged as paid in the government accounts. Many people believe the Hadgee to be really insane, while others say his eccentricity is more feigned than real. Stories of the most childish absurdity are related of him. While the army was encamped before Heraut, he would frequently inquire if the town had yet surrendered. The reply being in the negative, he would burst into most furious invectives against Kamraun Shah. 'May the graves of his ancestors be defiled!' he exclaimed: 'whose dog is he, that he thus presumes to oppose me? But I will have mercy no longer; tell Sheer-i-Mohamed (the chief executioner) to come here.' Th: Nasackchi Bashi was introduced, and the Hadgee ordered him to take some stout ferooshes, and instantly bring him the head of the prince. 'Becheshm,' said the executioner; and he went very quietly back

to his quarters. As soon as he had left the audience-hall, the whole assembly would entreat the Hadgee to be merciful. 'Spare his life; remember he has children; Aga, he has a wife; it is a pity to put him to death;' and at length, after much persuasion and entreaty, the farce would be concluded by the order being countermanded. This may appear almost incredible, the absurdity is so great; as every man amongst them knew right well that Kamraun Shah was snug in his own palace, and as much out of the Hadgee's power as the Hadgee was out of his. But, with all this absurdity and eccentricity, the Hadgee is a clever man; he has managed to keep his place for nearly ten years, and is now in as high favour as ever: this alone would prove it."

Several characteristic anecdotes are related of this eccentric premier; but we must now take our leave of a volume which we have perused with both pleasure and profit, and which we trust we have taught our readers to estimate at its real value.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

[Second notice.]

HAVING in our introductory paper referred to various other points, we must now afford room for a touch of the liberty and equality alluded to at starting with our free citizen.

"The king of Naples has five palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket. Men talk of travelling when the mind is matured; but I advise every one who wishes to enjoy Italy to visit it before he has thought of the irregularities and miseries of the world. Let him come into this beautiful clime while the imagination holds supreme sway, and life is a golden dream. He then will see but its temples and arts, hear but the voice of the past, and grow enthusiastic on a soil where every stone is a monument, and every wall a history. I could weep when I see the havoc that tyranny and avarice make of the happiness of man. Why is it that these thousands around me should weep, and suffer, and die, that one lazy prince may gorgeously furnish five palaces he enters but five times a year? Why should lazzaroni multiply to be cursed by every stranger, merely that a few lazy nobles may turn a whole country into beautiful villas to gallop through? Italy abounds in lovely scenery, and is rich in classic associations; but he must be a stupid observer, or a heartless one, who can see and feel nothing else. As I wander through the grounds of a princely noble, I enjoy the beauty and taste that surround me, until, mounting some point of view, I look down on a lovely country filled with half-fed men, and then I could hang him on one of his own oaks. There stands a glorious statue, but under it lies a live sufferer. There is a magnificent church, but on its ample steps are heaps of rags, each enveloping a living, suffering man. But, as the Italians say, 'la pazienza e la confidenza.' Yes—patience and confidence: for the ridiculous farce of kings will have an end, and humanity yet shake off its rags, and lay aside its shame, and assert and take its long-withheld rights."

It is said there is no royal road to learning; but, according to our author, there is a very short priestly one—that pursued by "Cardinal Mezzofanti, the greatest linguist in the world. He speaks fifty-two different languages. His acquirements alone have obtained for him a cardinal's hat and post-mastership of Rome. The pope attributes his knowledge of languages to a miraculous gift. Conversing to-day with a priest on the subject—a friend of Mezzo-

fanti—he told me that Mezzofanti himself attributes his power in acquiring languages to the divine influence. He says, that when an obscure priest in the north of Italy, he was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed next day. On entering their cell, he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room, resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he has had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a *patois* peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him, and addressed him in that dialect. Mezzofanti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult *patois*. He inquired of the cardinal who had been his master, for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who would speak that language but himself. 'I have had no one,' he replied, 'but yourself; I never forget a word I hear once.' If this be true, he has a miraculous memory, at all events. This the priest told me he had from Mezzofanti himself."

Improvising does not seem to be so easily acquired; for a female gifted with this talent, and seen by Mr. H., is thus described:

"At last she came, a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and as plain as a pickstaff. She ascended the platform, somewhat embarrassed, and sat down: the urn was handed her, from which she drew seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mess enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. I looked at her somewhat staggered, and wished very much to ask her if (as we say at home) she did not want to back out of the undertaking. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished she sat down, wiped the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Cupid, brought her a cup of nectar in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped before the audience, and then read the next topic and commenced again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects were unpoetical enough, and staggered her prodigiously. The 'spavined dactyls' would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness that half redeemed her failures; sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. The large drops of moisture that oozed from her forehead in the excitement formed miniature rivulets down her cheeks, till I exclaimed to myself, Well, there is perspiration the re, whether there be inspiration or not; and, after all, who can tell the difference?"

We had no notion of the difficulty; but probably Mr. H. might be confused by the single letter which marks the distinction between the sweat and sweet! An artists' *fête* appears to have been a sing alar orgy:

"At length we came in sight of the spot con-

secrated by art; and such a sight! Did you ever see a 'general training' in the country? Then you have the first view of the 'artists' *fête*.' Scattered over the green field were carriages filled with fair spectators, patches of strolling pedlars, carts with the team detached, and 'wine and cake to sell,' and all the strange and motley grouping of a Yankee 'training-ground.' All these were on the summit of the eminence, underneath which were the quarries and the artists. As I approached, suddenly from out the bowels of the earth came a hurrah as wild and jolly as ever Bacchus, in the height of glory and greatness, made to ring through the home of the gods. The next moment I heard an earnest voice hurriedly inquire, 'Ganymede, Ganymede! where is Jupiter?' and then the bacchanalian song, 'Io Bacche!' Really I began to think there might be, after all, a batch of the old gods below, holding a sort of anniversary revel there, on the borders of their old dominions. I hastened down, and oh, such a spectacle! It is impossible to describe it. At one end of the caverns sat the presiding god. Around him were flags of every description, and ornaments of no description. He had on a necklace, made, I should suppose, of a huge Bologna sausage, with pieces a foot and a half long putting out at intervals all round it, at the end of each of which stood an imp striving with all his might to fill it with wind. At his side stood a drummer, that looked more like a griffin than a man, beating rapid and hurried beats upon his drum, while at every pause arose the chorus of some wild German song. Before him, in the dirt, were all sorts of divinities waltzing—two-thirds drunk. Round and round they would spin, ankle-deep in the powdered clay, until they came on the broken rocks with a jar that made my bones ache even to see. Poor fellows, thought I to myself, you will have enough to do to-morrow to count your bruises. This is only a specimen of what was passing. There were other groups in various parts of the quarries, each with its peculiar scene. At length a company of Germans determined to have a ghost-scene, and, German like, they went through all the ceremonies of raising a spirit. In one of the darkest parts of the quarries was deposited a body wrapped in a sheet. At the entrance stood a company of Germans, and began one of their ghostly incantations. It was enough to chill one's blood. Slowly and solemnly the incantation rose and echoed through the cavern, until the ghost was actually raised. There were many excellent singers among the German artists, and some of the choruses were admirable. I never beheld a revel to which there was no limit and no law, in which there was such perfect abandonment, as this. It seemed impossible that the human heart could so utterly throw off all restraint. Indeed, it could hardly be called a revel—it was a frolic, a wild and lawless frolic. The animal spirits of each seemed at the evaporating point. In such reckless mirth, amid flowing wine and song and dance, the hours were on, till the signal was given for the closing-up scene, which was a general horse, donkey, and mule race out upon the green sward. It was here that the figures and costumes shewed to advantage. Thousands of people, some in carriages, some on foot, were scattered over the field. For a background, a black rain-cloud lay along the horizon. The sunlight from the clear west, falling brightly over the grassy plain, threw the figures on it in strong relief against that dark cloud in the distance, till every colour, ribbon, and plume was distinctly revealed. As the

crowd gave way, and horseman after horseman galloped into view, it seemed more like a description I had read in some Oriental tale, than an actual passing scene. Now ten or fifteen in a company, mounted without a saddle, would gallop like the wind over the plain, their velvet mantles and plumes streaming in the wind, and the spangles in their vests and bonnets flashing like diamonds in the sunlight. And half of them were such wild, spiritual-looking beings. They were none of your hearty revellers, but had come out this once from the studio, with all the marks of severe study and privation upon them, to be young and thoughtless for one day. Some of them were remarkably handsome fellows; and with their long black hair and blacker eyes, and thin, pale faces, and singular costumes, they shot past you like beings of another planet. There were Americans among the rest, and I am sure if they could have dropped into their native towns at home just as they were mounted and dressed to-day, their friends would have clapped them in a lunatic asylum *sans cérémonie*. The racing was a mere general scamper. One bold rider, on a powerful black steed, galloped round and round without end or aim, while in another direction three artists were mounted on one little donkey, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, which they were trying to beat into a gallop. But the poor little fellow could hardly waddle under his enormous load, and seemed perfectly stupefied at the sights and sounds around him. But the blows, which fell thick and fast, were more natural and home-like, and seemed to restore his self-confidence, for the next moment he laid back his long ears, and with that villainous look a donkey alone can give, let fly his heels into the air, and over tumbled one of the sons of the divine art."

After this long extract we shall conclude with only one other notice, also relating to the arts, and speaking of the artists of America and England in Florence:

"We have long (says Mr. Headley) been accused of wanting taste and genius, especially in the fine arts; and an Englishman always smiles at any pretension to them on our part. In his criticism our poetry is imitation of the great bards of England; while our knowledge of music is confined to Yankee Doodle and Hail, Columbia; and our skill in architecture to the putting up of steeples, school-houses, and liberty-poles. It may be so; but we will cheerfully enter the field with him in that department of the fine arts calling for the loftiest efforts of genius, and the purest incarnation of the sentiment of beauty in man—I mean, painting and sculpture, especially the latter. There are two American artists in Florence by the name of Brown; one a painter, and the other a sculptor. Mr. Brown, the painter, is one of the best copyists of the age. Under his hand the great masters reappear in undiminished beauty. But his merits do not stop here: he is also a fine composer; and when the mood is on him, flings off most spirited designs. In his house we have seen pieces that indicate merit of the highest order. We first saw Mr. Brown in the Pitti gallery. Wandering through it one day with a quondam *attaché* to one of the continental embassies, my friend paused before a magnificent picture, and introduced me to the artist as Mr. Brown of America. It was a copy of one of Salvator Rosa's finest pieces, and had already been contracted for by a member of the English parliament for three hundred dollars. Walking one day through the gallery, the Englishman was struck with the remarkable beauty of the copy, and immediately purchased

it, though in an unfinished state. Thus we lose them; and though we possess fine artists, our wealthy men refuse to buy their works, and they go to embellish the drawing-rooms and galleries of England. Mr. Powers stands undoubtedly at the head of American sculptors. His two great works are Eve and the Greek Slave. Critics are divided on the merits of these two figures."

The Englishman, despising American artists, becomes their greatest patron (such are Mr. H.'s contradictions); and how are they encouraged by their own liberal and enlightened fellow-citizens?

"An American, who had suddenly acquired great wealth by speculation, took it into his head to travel, and finding himself at length in Florence, made a visit to Mr. Powers' studio. Looking over the different statues, his eye rested on the Greek Slave. 'What may you call that are boy?' said he. 'The Greek Slave,' replied Mr. Powers. 'And what may be the price of it?' continued our Yankee. 'Three thousand dollars,' was the answer, as the artist gazed a moment at the odd specimen of humanity before him. 'Three thousand dollars!' he exclaimed; 'you don't say so, now. Why, I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. Why, statuary is riz, ain't it?'"

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S. Part X. Longmans. ANOTHER *fasciculus* added to this solid, luminous, and much valued work; the only blame we have heard imputed to which, either by the profession or the public, is, the slowness with which Dr. Copland elaborates his extensive and most desirable intelligence. Paralysis and pestilence, including the momentous subject of cholera, are the principal diseases discussed in this part; which, especially on the latter fatal malady, is deeply deserving of the attention of the faculty.

Rural Records; or, Glances of Village-Life. By James Smith. Pp. 210. Longmans.

AMID the arduous duties of editor of a provincial journal, Mr. Smith has found leisure to write these pleasing and instructive sketches. Their moral tone, natural simplicity, and tendency to instil the kindest and best of feelings, recommend them to our cordial approbation. They deserve the epithet of truly amiable—their pictures of rural life are grateful to contemplate; and the little volume, without much pretension, merits much popular favour.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Scientific Memoirs. Vol. IV. Part XIV. London, R. and J. E. Taylor.

The Philosophical Magazine: October 1845. The same.

The Electrical Magazine: Quarter to October. Simpkin and Co.; and H. Baillière.

WE had classed these three scientific periodicals under this head, intending to give a brief abstract of such of their contents as are most novel, and to direct attention to other of their subjects worthy of perusal and study. The time and space, however, required for doing this satisfactorily, we found, as we proceeded, would be more than we could spare, and our original design was partially, though not wholly abandoned. Briefly, therefore, must we dismiss Part XIV. of the *Memoirs* with a strong recommendation of the whole work; the selections are made with good judgment, and carefully edited. The present subjects are, gases and vapours, by Holtzmann and Magnus; the

allotropy, or the dissimilar state of elementary bodies as one of the causes of the isomerism of their compounds, by Berzelius; the morphology, classification and distribution of the trilobites, by Dr. Emmerich; and the employment of polarised light in studying chemical mechanics, by M. Biot.

From the *Philosophical Magazine* we select the points of three novelties, but without trenching upon the interest of the description or reasoning: 1st, an account by Messrs. E. W. Binney and R. Starkness, of the Fossil Trees found at St. Helen's in August 1843, and visited by the authors occasionally until May last, when the whole of the larger tree was uncovered. The result of their examination claims the settlement of the question as to the relation which existed between *Sigillaria* and *Stigmara* in favour of the opinion that the former is the stem, and the latter the root of the same plant.—2d, *Beberine*, an organic base extracted from the bark of a species of *Nectandra*. The formula of this alkali, according to the analysis of Messrs. MacLagan and Tilley, who describe also the process for preparing it pure, is $C^{18}H^{40}N^3O^6$. In composition it is isomeric with morphia, and presents the first instance of isomerism occurring in organic bases. Its remedial powers, however, are anti-periodic, like quinine and cinchonine, whilst morphia acts as a pure narcotic. Hence the conclusion is drawn, that similarity of physiological properties does not depend upon similarity in the proportions of their constituents, and that the difference in the physical properties of morphia and beberine proves that their elements are differently arranged.—3d, *Spheroidal condition of liquids*. Mr. Armstrong attributes the low temperature of the liquid apheroid to the cooling action of evaporation, and not to the reflection of heat according to M. Boutigny's explanation. The heat necessary for conversion into vapour being abstracted, not from the vessel as in ordinary cases, but from the rest of the liquid, causes it to remain below the boiling point. Thus a liquid in the spheroidal state never can attain the temperature at which it boils, because the more the heating action of the vessel is increased, the more also is the cooling action of evaporation.

The *Electrical Magazine* affords a variety of matter; but we must be content to notice only, that the coil of the magneto-electric machine has been arranged by Prof. Page for the production of a most effective quantity-current; and that Mr. Walker, the editor, in an article on the electricity of paper-mills, states as a new fact, that the paper becomes negatively electrified.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ON THE RECOVERY OF A LOST SCENE IN THE *BACCHÆ* OF EURIPIDES.

IN my article on some Supplements of *Æschylus*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* Oct. 4, I stated that I could exhibit the whole of a lost scene in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides in a more perfect state than when I first published it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1832; and as, during the interval, I have met with some curious confirmations of my views, I will now reproduce it, retaining only so much of the former translation, furnished by a friend, as does not swerve too far from the original Greek; for I am one of those who think that, even in the case of poetry, a faithful version, if it be not too prosaic, is preferable to a less faithful paraphrase.

* An instance of allotropy (Berzelius)?—Ed. L. G.

To understand the nature of the lost scene, it is only necessary to state that a rhetorician, under the name of Aspinus, distinctly testifies, in p. 724, 30. Ald., that, in the *Baccha* of Euripides, Agave, after she returns to her senses, takes each of the limbs of her son Pentheus, who had been torn to pieces, and utters lamentations over them. Following the clue furnished by this author, first noticed by Victorius, and subsequently by Tyrwhitt, Porson was the earliest to elicit from the *Christus Patiens* of Pseudo-Gregorius a distich belonging to the missing matter; while I was the first to remark, in *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1832, p. 430, that from this very scene Philostratus drew the account he has given of the picture of *Pentheus*, where Agave was represented as eager to embrace the corpse, yet afraid to touch it, while the relations were employed in putting together the mangled limbs.

After v. 1327, ed. Elmsl., there followed originally something to this effect:

"Agave. Father, what changes on thy child have come
Thyself hast seen; nor need thy tongue again
Tell what hath met my eyes and ears alike.
Say rather, where's my son, my dear boy's corpse.
Cadmus. I bring the limbs I scarce could find.
Ag. Oh, quickly
Lay them with ministr'ing hands upon the ground,
That I may once more throw around my arms
And kiss the limbs I nurtured as a mother.
Cad. Oh! hold her, friends. I dread that, when her
eyes
Upon the corpse so torn and injured turn,
Mischiefs still heavier on some head will fall.
Ag. Do I still live the actress in this scene?
Cad. This way, move on a little. There thou'lt see
The sufferings of thy son.
Ag. As ye can best
Obey the bidding, haste my feet.
Cad. Alas!
A new and painful sight will strike thine eyes,
If thou canst dare with steadfast gaze to look.
Come, then, and touch—not hold within thine arms—
His limbs, and on them drop the tear and kiss,
If such thy wish. Receive from me the dead.
Ag. I will, if strength fail not, receive.
Cad. And I
Will wait to see of these sad rites the end.
Ag. Stay we awhile, and I will thus address
The dead. To Hades' house thou'rt gone, my son,
Caught in the chase, where thou didst others hunt.
'Twere better far to die than see thee dead.
Before the act methought I could strong-nerve
The flesh and hands of this dead body touch;
But now, when I might handle the marr'd corpse,
I shudder e'en to look; to touch it, shrink.
Where shall I wretched find the fitting power
To press thee to my bosom? how pour forth
The notes of wailing? With a wretched hand,
Come, let me this thrice-wretched corpse compose,
And careful as I can the limbs collect.
This head, which now lies here, I cannot doubt
Was my own boy's. Yet Pentheus was a youth
With ruddy cheeks and golden locks; alas,
Such is not this! And now I know why graced
This head no ivy-wreath or clustering vine;
Why to our orgies led no lute his soul.
With other frenzies maddened, he refused
To join in joyous madness e'en a god,
And now he suffers what the god would pity.
Why, with thy mouth still open'd, speak'st thou not?
Oh! say but one word to thy wretched mother.
That voice in every accent once was sweet.
Oh! features, of regret how full, and form
Of beauty, equal to the limner's art,
Why change your smiles to scowls? I cannot bear
them.
Oh! lips, whose touch was dear delight, when I
Gave from this miserable breast of nourishment
The sweet and living stream. Oh! doarest flesh,
Which oft I've clasped and in my bosom warmed,
Now hold I clammy, cold. See, if eyes can,
How full the stream of blood runs down, and bathes
Thy side with gore, and rolls on me a tide
Of filth, that Ocean's salt waves cannot cleanse
My hands and cheeks and blood-polluted bosom.
And I, who know this hand hath struck the blow,
Feel all the cruelty of deadly deeds;
And now, to sense returned, alas, too late!
Think my past madness was the better boon.
But let me, since thy nakedness no more
I dare behold, thy head with coverings veil,
And limbs no longer limbs, so torn and mangled,
So gore-distained and furrowed, and enwrap

With these rent garments—not, indeed, as erst
I decked thee when a child, nor such I deemed
These hands would place upon thy bier; but now
'Tis all I have to grace thy grave with honour.

Chorus. Thy words, Agave, have o'erstopped thy
griefs;

And, horror-struck, we loathe the spectacle
Of this our murdered lord.

Cad. And since the sight
Of blood perpetual is only pain,

Attendants, carry to the hollow grave
The corpse, nor let the entrails soil the path.

Ag. And I with sighs, and heart o'ercome with fear,
Will follow thee, my child, nor longer stay.

Cad. Let us depart.

Ag. Lead on, that I may place
Upon the tomb of one myself destroyed

This epitaph, the record of my acts:
'Pentheus, Agave's son, doth lie here dead;

The mother's own hand killed, whom once it fed.'
Cho. But hold, what vision comes? what form of
grace

And beauty more than human, clad in white,
Is this? I dread to look upon its splendour.

Quick, let us fly: fly swifter than the winds.
Bacchus. Shriek not, nor let fear come upon ye,
women.

Bacchus in me behold; who, having changed
This my immortal for a mortal form—"

Although nearly thirty years have elapsed since I first discovered the greater part of this scene lying hid in the cento of the *Christus Patiens*, I have been more and more convinced that, with the exception of a few expressions, it contains the very ideas of the dramatist conveyed in the language of the original author. Of course I am aware, as in the case of the Supplements of Thucydides and Æschylus, that the only satisfactory proof of the truth of my theory, which some will consider the height of absurdity, will be the discovery of a ms. containing the whole of the missing matter. But as such an event is scarcely within the range of the most distant probability, the reader of Euripides must be content with the fare I have furnished, unless some better scholar shall be found to place before him a more tempting repast.

With regard to the general character of the scene, it was first imitated, it would appear, by Xenophon, in the *Cyropædia*, vii. 3, whose story of Panthea was put into verse by Soterichus, as we learn from Suidas. It next attracted the attention of Seneca, who says in the *Hippolytus*:

"Disjecta, genitor, membra laceri corporis
In ordinem dispono, et errantes loco
Restitue partes. Fortis hic dextrae locus;
Hic lacerae franis docte moderandis manus
Ponenda; laevi lateris agnosco manus."

The next imitation of this scene is to be found in Libanius, t. i. p. 617 D., to which I will refer the learned reader; for the hieroglyphics of Greece would look oddly in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. To Libanius must be added Nonnus, who, in the *Dionysiaca*, has put into heroic verse the substance of every scene in the *Baccha*; and not only alluded to the passage as supplied by myself, but has shewn, what is not to be found elsewhere, that Agave mentioned the epitaph she intended to place upon the tomb of Pentheus; just as Hecuba alludes, in the *Troades*, to the one which ought to be put over the grave of Astyanax.

Nor was this remarkable scene neglected by the ecclesiastical writers of later times; for it is evidently imitated in the *Planetus Mariae*, so beautifully translated by Miss Barrett in the *Athenæum*, March 19, 1842, from the Greek of Simeon Metaphrastes; to whom, or to Libanius, Addison was indebted, I suspect, oftener than once. For while his Cato thus addresses the soldiers, who bear in the dead body of his son,

"Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
His bloody core, and count his glorious wounds;"

he says in the *Spectator*, No. 113, when describing the decease of a young lady: "Those lips, which look so pale and livid in death, within these few days gave delight to all."

With regard to the original Greek, the reader will find in the *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1832, what I first elicited from the *Christus Patiens*; and in the No. for May 1833, p. 420, I pointed out the identical verses of the cento I had made use of; while in the No. for December, and the Supplement 1832, I gave not only the remainder of the speech of Bacchus, here left imperfect, but whatever else I conceived to be wanting for the completion of the tragedy, with the exception of a Chorus, which, strange to say, has been preserved accidentally in the *Helena* of Euripides, as I proved nearly thirty years ago in the *Classical Journal*, No. 20, p. 374. I do not, however, mean to assert that, in the latter fragments, I have recovered the identical words of the dramatist, although I feel as confident as ever that I have come very near the mark.

Having thus produced, I trust, some curious specimens of Supplements in one of the Historians and in two of the Dramatists of Greece, I could easily proceed in a similar strain with the Comedies of Aristophanes, the Dialogues of Plato, and the Orations of Demosthenes. But the readers of the *Literary Gazette* have, I suspect, long since been disposed to cry out:

Scholar, now thy scribbles close!
Leave our leaves, unfit for those
Who still stick to ancient lore,
And with learning moderns bore!

GEORGE BURGESS.

20 A Bayham Street, Camden Town.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

WE understand that the next year's meeting of this Association is fixed for Gloucester, a city with a neighbourhood around replete with antiquities of interest in every department of archæology—British, Roman, Saxon, and Mediaeval. The principal nobility of the county, we see it stated in the newspapers, the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Fitzhardinge, Lord Ducie, &c., have zealously entered into the design, and thus every thing tends to promise a congress of a personally gratifying order, and highly beneficial to antiquarian research and science.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations to Adventures in New Zealand. By E. Jerningham Wakefield, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS handsome volume, in a large folio form, illustrates Mr. Wakefield's characteristic work on New Zealand, already reviewed some time since in the *Lit. Gazette*. The prints are lithographed from drawings on the island by several hands, including those of ladies, whose management of the pencil exhibits high talents. Mrs. Wicksteed, Miss King, and Mrs. Fox, are named as the associates in the performance with Mr. J. Saxton, Mr. C. Heaphy, Mr. S. C. Brees, and Capt. W. M. Smith, R.A.: so that we have plentiful variety in style and execution, as well as in subject.

On looking over the whole, we find ourselves at a loss to afford an idea of its copiousness and diversity without going at great length into the list; for there are landscapes, scenes of every sort in which natives or settlers are engaged, native portraits, botany, objects of science and cultivation, peculiar and remarkable features—as tapus, or burial-grounds, volcanoes, &c.—and the whole executed in a first-rate manner, conveying perfect impressions of every

thing represented. Some of the panoramic views open out (on the drawing-paper as well as in the original) to a great extent; and if they are expansive in reality and nature, they are no less so in imitation and art. On the whole, we obtain more clear and comprehensive ideas of the country from this publication than we have done from any former descriptions; and it is one of much national interest, as well as pictorial beauty and effect.

The Ancient Stone and Leadens Coffins, Encaustic Tiles, &c., recently discovered in the Temple Church. By E. Richardson, Sculptor. Longmans.

As the Temple Church has just been reopened, we cannot choose a more proper moment to commend this concise, but artist-like and sufficient, account of some of its interesting monuments to our readers. It is full of accurate information, as all archaeological pursuits ought to be; and will instruct those who do not, and guide those who do, visit the church in a very satisfactory manner. The illustrations are excellently executed.

Roberts's Sketches of the Holy Land. Descriptions, &c., by Dr. Croly. Parts XIX. and XX. F. Graham Moon.

THIS publication continues with unabated spirit to lay before the public, from the admirable artist's designs, those scenes of Palestine which his genius has selected, and which range the spectator, on every turn of a leaf, from the sublime to the beautiful. We have the wild and rugged mountains, the sacred temples, the picturesque and peaceful-looking valleys, the ruined cities, the caravan, the figures in every costume; but these have been already so justly estimated and highly prized, that we need only repeat, "the present are worthy of the past, and add more to the enjoyment of the whole."

Treatise on the Knowledge necessary to Amateurs in Pictures. From the French of M. François-Xavier de Burtin. By Robert White, Esq. Pp. 338. London, Longmans; Edinburgh, Blacks.

M. BURTIN's work, published at Brussels nearly forty years ago, contains as many useful hints and as much good advice as can be communicated in language (accompanied by apt illustrations) to the unlearned and uninitiated in picture-dealing, and was therefore deserving of the translation now bestowed upon it for the benefit of persons not acquainted with the French tongue. There are, we fear, many tricks and many secrets in this trade not to be learnt without experience; that sort of bought wisdom which conveys intelligence even to the understanding (such as it is) of fools; but if to be put on our guard be good, and if to be informed of what is really valuable in paintings be desirable, we can safely vouch for this volume conveying a great deal of that instruction. It displays competent knowledge of art and pictures, and may accordingly be consulted as a serviceable guide, which may save from many a bargain, and from being laughed at besides by connoisseur friends who know better.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! oh, what a mingled train
Of crowding thoughts rush through the brain,
When parting friends have said and heard
That simple, sadly-uttered word!
Feeling, that when its thrilling tone
Their lips have tremulously spoken,
The spell by girlhood o'er them thrown
Will be, alas, for ever broken:
For many a summer's fervid ray
Must darken those clear brows ere they—

The playmates once in careless glee,
The parted now by land and sea—
Can hope again, with pleasant greeting,
To hail another happy meeting.

Oh, who can tell what joys, what tears,
Will mark those yet unwritten years!
The untold future, will it be,
When proved by stern reality,
Indeed so bathed in sunny gleams
As pictured in youth's radiant dreams?
Or rather, will not fancy weave,
'Mid cares that harass, thoughts that grieve,
Bright memories of the early days,
When, yet unchilled by worldly guile,
They spake in kind affection's phrase,
And smile was met by answering smile?
Ah, yes! amid the fluttering throng,
And pleasure's gayest bowers among,
The parted heart is lonely still,
And feels a melancholy thrill,
Sighing to bring, with yearnings vain,
Childhood's companions back again.

How shall they meet?—not as they parted,
With youth's elastic step and air,
For ever hopeful and light-hearted:
Changed will be then the golden hair,
The raven tresses. On each brow
Time's fingers will be graven deep;
Afflictions may have laid them low,
Or sorrow will have bid them weep.
But pause!—It may be, that on earth,
Within the land that gave them birth,
They meet no more. Pause, and repeat
With solemn thought—How shall they meet?
How meet their spirits? Once they knelt
Around one altar here below:
Still be the hallowing influence felt
Uniting them, that, whether so
In earth or heaven, their portion be
"The bright wave of eternity."

ROSA.

THE DRAMA.

The Princess's Theatre opened on Monday with a light piece, called *Advice to Husbands*, very cleverly acted by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. James Vining; and also a grotesque farce, entitled *A Man without a Head*, which Man was whimsically personated by Mr. Compton. The design (for plot it is not) is of the broadest character; but once allowing the groundwork of most extraordinary obliviousness in memory (which is not so unnatural nor uncommon as may be supposed), the whim and absurdity of the situations are exceedingly laughable. The announcements for the next week and the management of the season are more than ever attractive at this theatre.

The Olympic.—Miss Kate Howard again opened the campaign here on Monday, as fresh herself as the newly decorated and painted house in which she appeared, with an appropriate address to a full auditory. A new drama, called *The Queen of Bohemia*, and a musical mythos, *The Boyhood of Bacchus*, were successfully produced on the occasion.

THE ALETHORAMA, OR ANIMATED ILLUSIONS, Is a picturesque exhibition, at which we were present, in the concert-room of the Princess's Theatre, on Thursday evening. It consists of a series of views in the Netherlands and other countries, most minutely painted and wrought up to truthful effect. But it is not still life only that is placed before the spectator: men and women pursuing their daily avocations or recreations; horses and vehicles passing the roads; ships and boats traversing the rivers and canals; birds swimming and flying; people fishing, fowling, skating, &c. &c.,—animate appropriately each scene in succession; now a winter one, now a summer; now morn, now eve, changing to twilight, night, and moonlight. The programme contains a description of forty-five views, out of which are to be selected and varied about five for each evening's exhibition, occupying about two hours. The style of the programme is very quaint; a specimen or two of which we are disposed to give,

because it will convey an idea of the representations more concisely than we possibly could. The first two views for this occasion were Nos. 7 and 8, and are described as follows:

"No. 7. *The Palace of Santa Felice, at Verona.*—This splendid building, one of the finest specimens of art, is here given with the utmost correctness in all its details,—its columns of white marble, and its mosaic pavements. In a short time the duke and all his court appear, and go off to the chase; and, in conclusion, a peacock is seen, which for the perfection of its mechanism may be safely said to be without a parallel. This wonderful automaton imitates all the actions of the real bird in so lively a manner, that few at a distance would imagine it to be a work of art. Nothing but the actual examination and handling of the automaton could suffice to betray the deception."

This peacock is really deserving of high praise; but he has greatly the advantage of the human figures and of the buildings in point of magnitude—in proportion to either he is gigantic. This, and a jerking movement of some of the figures, which probably will wear away on repetition, are all with which we have any fault to find in the five views; the second of which was, according to programme:

"No. 8. *The Maas at Rotterdam.*—In the foreground is the harbour, in the background is the city. Ships of every kind, from men-of-war down to brigs and cutters, appear under sail, while by land the scene is no less animated. In one part the country-people are going to market with provisions; in another, a party of seamen put ashore their captain, who, as it begins to rain hard, is seen to open his umbrella as he goes off. The fishermen, too, follow their occupation upon the water; they cast their nets, then take a dram to recruit themselves, and again pull up the nets, in which the fish may be plainly seen struggling. A sailor attempts to take them out, he is awkward, and they all escape from him into the water; while yet farther to add to the general life and movement, swans, swimmers, &c., appear in different quarters."

As we have referred to the peacock in No. 7 with somewhat of detraction, we can most heartily and thoroughly praise the swans in No. 8; their movements are exceedingly graceful and natural, evincing a close study of the habits of those aquatic birds, and exhibiting the perfection of the mechanism employed.

VARIETIES.

Coverdale's Bible, folio, 1535, "is," says our informant, "supposed to have been printed at Zurich. No perfect copy is known; the one at Holkham makes the nearest approach to what the book was when first issued from the press, possessing, at it does, the original title-page in a perfect state, and a fragment of the original prologue, neither of which are known to exist in any other copy. What is deficient in the Holkham copy is also wanting in every other, viz. the remainder of the prologue in the same type as the body of the book. Before the discovery of the Holkham copy, it was generally supposed that the prologue was first added to the book on its arrival in England, in consequence of the different type with which it is printed; the fragment already spoken of proves that such was not the case. From the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse the Holkham copy is quite perfect, and in a beautiful state of preservation." The foregoing is the answer from Holkham to our inquiry respecting this literary treasure. We are informed from another quarter—"The

book was in the library along with other valuable works, and in 1827 examined and collated by Mr. Pettigrew when on a visit to Holkham. It is, indeed, mentioned by that gentleman in the second volume of his *Bibliotheca Sussseiana*, and is there described as having the title-page, which is of very great rarity, but as defective both of dedication and preface."

Archæology: Excellent Example.—Mr. Hudson ought to be elected a most honorary member of the British Archæological Association, or the Institute, or both, for setting the following laudable example:—"Mr. Hudson has promised the antiquaries of Newcastle whatever antiquities may be discovered in the formation of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway."—*Halifax Guardian*.

Walk-the-Water was the title of a famous Red Indian, but, if report be true, ought now to be inherited by two German geniuses, who can perambulate on the liquid surface in hollow cast-iron shoes, of a canoe-shape. They have done it, they say, at Hanover, and may shortly be looked for on the Serpentine.

Artistical Fête.—A number of foreign artists have been entertained at a banquet in Brussels, M. Van de Weyer presiding. Of our countrymen, Roberts and Prout were distinguished representatives.

French Expedition to South America.—M. de Maslatrie, author of the *History of Cyprus*, &c., has been appointed to head a French commission about to be sent out to explore Palenque and the surrounding territories; lately illustrated by Mr. Stephens and other travellers, and first brought prominently under public notice, by correspondence, in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* in former years.

Dr. Lepsius.—According to accounts by the last Egyptian mail this celebrated German traveller left Alexandria on the 17th ult., on his way to Damietta, Jaffa, and Jerusalem.

Floods.—The northern parts of England, especially in the districts of the Tyne and Weir, have of late been much injured by heavy inundations.

Hebrew Literature.—The library of the late Dr. Herschel, chief rabbi of the Jews in England, has been purchased for the Hebrew College for 300*l.* only, though it consists of a very considerable collection of Hebrew learning, including some rare and curious works.

New Diamond-Mines.—A diamond-mine, of inestimable value, is stated to have been discovered in a desert, difficult of access, about eighty miles from Bahia.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stable-Talk and Table-Talk, or Spectacles for Young Sportsmen, by Harry Hieover, 8vo, 12*s.*—The Share-Dealer's Memorandum-Book, oblong 8vo, roan tuck, 3*s. 6d.*—Rural Records, or Glances of Village-Life, by James Smith, post 8vo.—View of the Coinage of Scotland, with Tables, Lists, &c., by J. Lindsay, 4to, with plates, 35*s.*—Stella, a Poem of the Day, in Three Cantos, fep. 8vo, 5*s.*—On Diseases of the Liver, by George Budd, M.D., 8vo, 14*s.*—Elements of Materia Medica, &c., by Dr. Ballard and Dr. Garrod, 8vo, 12*s.*—The Enels, Books I. and II., rendered into English blank Iambics by James Henry, M.D., 8vo, 4*s. 6d.*—Ultramontanism, or the Roman Church and Society, by G. Guinet, post 8vo, 5*s.*—First Steps to Anatomy, by J. L. Drummond, M.D., 12mo, 5*s.*—Practical and Theoretical Introduction to French Language, by G. Crane, Part I., 12mo, 3*s.*—Remarks on the Sculpture of the Nations referred to in the Old Testament, by J. Legrew, post 8vo, 4*s. 6d.*—The Hindustani Manual, by Dr. Forbes, 18mo, 7*s. 6d.*—Chitty's Archbold's Queen's Bench Practice, 8th edit., 2 vols. post 8vo, 2*s. 8d.*—Chitty's Collection of Forms to Archbold's Practice, 6th edit., 12mo, 22*s.*—Robert Macaire, by G. W. M. Reynolds, 2d edit., post 8vo, 10*s. 6d.*—Blair's Lectures, new edit., by the Rev. T. Dale, 8vo, 10*s.*—The Attractive Man, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l. 11*s. 6d.**

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